AVANT GARDE #1

CONTENTS

WHAT MAKES NIXON RUN? **2**
BY WARREN BOROSON

GALAHAD'S PAD **10**
BY JULIO MITCHEL

THE HATE MAIL OF CAPTAIN LEVY **16**

LET'S RETIRE OUR MOST OVERWORKED FOUR LETTER WORD **22**
BY PROFESSOR L. ERIC HOTALING

RICHARD LINDNER: THE RUBENS OF THE LOVE GENERATION **25**

THE SLAUGHTER OF CIVILIANS FOR SPORT BY U.S. PILOTS **33**
BY FIRST LIEUTENANT THOMAS F. LOFLIN III

AN OBSCENITY BUST IN—WOULD YOU BELIEVE?—INDIA **35**
BY MALAY ROY CHOUDHURY

DRAWINGS BY MUHAMMAD ALI **40**

"BELIEVE IN GOD: YOU HAVE TEETH!" **46**
BY S.H. MARGALITH

THE FUGS: NEXTNESS IS GODLIER THAN CLEANLINESS **50**
BY MARTIN COHEN

METAMORPHIC JEWELRY: LAST WORD IN FOUND-OBJECT ART **56**
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RYSZARD HOROWITZ

GOD/LOVE POEM **60**
BY LENORE KANDEL

"ICE," BY RICHARD LINDNER **COVER**
COURTESY WHITNEY MUSEUM, NEW YORK

AVANT GARDE

EDITOR RALPH GINZBURG
ART DIRECTOR HERB LUBALIN
COPY EDITOR L. RANSOM BURTON
ARTICLES EDITOR BETSY FEIST
ASSOCIATE EDITOR WARREN BOROSON
EXECUTIVE EDITOR LAWRENCE WITCHEL
MANAGING EDITOR R. CLIFFORD WEBSTER
FEATURES EDITOR JERRY OLIFF
ROVING EDITOR JEFF BERNER
RESEARCH DIRECTOR ROSEMARY LATIMORE
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR ART WHITMAN
BUSINESS DIRECTOR MIRIAM FIER
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR PAUL FEINGOLD
PROMOTION DIRECTOR SHOSHANA GINZBURG

STAFF: BESS ALTEROWITZ, LINDA BRODER, RUFUS CAUSER, HENRY COJULUN, VIRGINIA CUNNINGHAM, JOSEPHINE DABROWSKI, BETTY FIER, HARRY C. JACKSON, ROBERT E. LEE, SUZANNE AIMES LIVORNESE, GAIL MARIE LOESCH, JOSEPHINE MILLER, NORMAN MOSKOWITZ, JAMES J. NÉMETH, ROBERT REISNER, RICHARD RUND, BARBARA SMUKLER, DAVID SMUKLER, PHILIP SMUKLER, ALLAN H. STEINFELD, MARIE UDOGREN SUTTON, CARRIE B. WEISS, VERA WILLIAMS

THIS IS THE JANUARY, 1968 ISSUE OF AVANT GARDE, WHICH IS PUBLISHED BIMONTHLY AT 1 EAST 10TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10003, BY AVANT GARDE MEDIA, INC. (EXCEPT FOR JULY, WHEN NO ISSUE IS PUBLISHED). SUBSCRIPTION RATES: ONE YEAR, SIX; TWO YEARS, $10; THREE YEARS, $15. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS OUTSIDE U.S. AND CANADA, ADD $1 POSTAGE PER YEAR. FOR AIRMAIL, ALSO $1 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPIES: CURRENT ISSUE, $1; BACK ISSUES, $2. FULL FILE OF ISSUES ON MICROFILM OBTAINABLE FROM UNIVERSITY MICROFILMS, ANN ARBOR, MICH. NOTIFICATION OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS SHOULD BE MADE ONE MONTH BEFORE MOVING. PLEASE ENCLOSE ADDRESS LABEL FROM WRAPPER. ©1967 AVANT GARDE MEDIA, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED UNDER BERNE AND PAN-AMERICAN COPYRIGHT CONVENTIONS. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED. TRADEMARK "AVANT GARDE" PENDING U.S. PATENT OFFICE AND OTHER COUNTRIES. LITHOGRAPHED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY LINCOLN-WEBB OFFSET CO., FARMINGDALE, N.Y. APPLICATION TO MAIL AT SECOND-CLASS POSTAGE RATES IS PENDING AT NEW YORK, N.Y.

As most of the world's ills are traceable to old imperatives, old superstitions, and old fools, this magazine is exuberantly dedicated to the future

WHAT MAKES NIXON RUN?

A RUNDOWN ON AN ALSO-RAN WHO MAY SOON AGAIN BE IN THE RUNNING

BY WARREN BOROSON

"A little man in a big hurry," the late Robert A. Taft said of him. "An unprincipled cad" was Pandit Nehru's estimate. "He has no taste," said John F. Kennedy. "Ruthless" was Richard Rovere's opinion; Walter Lippmann agreed, adding that he "lacks that inner conviction and self-confidence which are the mark of a natural leader..." To former President Truman, he was "a son of a bitch" who "never told the truth in his life." To the late Sam Rayburn, he was "that ugly man with the chinquapin eyes." Nikita Khrushchev suggested that he had "limited intelligence," and agreed with Truman that he was a "son of a bitch." Last, and perhaps least, former President Eisenhower is quoted in Emmet John Hughes's *The Ordeal of Power* (1962) as saying that this man was "just not Presidential timber."

The object of all this disaffection is, of course, as *Time* Magazine would never say, Aging (54) Boy Blunderer Richard (*Six*–count 'em–*Crises*) Nixon, unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency in 1960, unsuccessful candidate for the California Governorship in 1962, and unsuccessful and covert candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination in 1964. Mr. Nixon's recent political career, obviously, gives the lie to the cynical saying that only nice guys finish last.

But, alas, like a nasty, stubborn case of impetigo, Richard Milhous ("Tricky Dick") Nixon just keeps coming back. Right now Republican pros are whispering that he's got the 1968 nomination in his carpetbag, *pace* George Romney, and everything is over but the pouting. It just goes to show that you can't keep a bad man down.

Richard Nixon! The repellent memories that name summons to mind! The Rich Men's Fund...the Checkers speech...Stevenson and Truman, "traitors to the high principles of the Democratic Party"...the day Nixon was spit upon in South America, "A day," he predicted erroneously, "that will live in infamy"...the time he tongue-lashed writer Mark Harris when Harris unconsciously wagged *his* finger at Nixon...his Farewell Address to the Nation's Press. In case you're one of the fortunate few, and have repressed all recollection of the man, let me remind you that

- when Adlai E. Stevenson called Nixon a white-collar McCarthy, Nixon mulled it over, then struck back: "What Mr. Stevenson calls me is unimportant, but I resent his typically snide and snobbish innuendo towards the millions of Americans who work for a living in our shops and factories."

- after the second TV debate in 1960, J.F.K. "had gone over to shake hands with Nixon, and they had a moment or two of inconsequential chat. Then a photographer began to take a picture. Nixon, without altering the subject of his conversation or the tone of his voice, started waving his finger in Kennedy's face to give the impression that he was telling off Kennedy as he had told off Khrushchev. Kennedy described this episode with mixed incredulity and contempt." (Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., *A Thousand Days*, 1965).

In November, 1966, Nixon criticized the proposals of the Manila Conference, which dealt with the eventual withdrawal of United States' troops from Vietnam. At a news conference, President Johnson thereupon derided Nixon as a "chronic campaigner" who was questioning Vietnam policy "in the hope he can pick up a precinct or two or a ward or two." The Chronic Campaigner himself was evidently aghast at what he called the President's "shocking display of temper"–*this* from the man who, after losing in California, berated reporters who always "give him the shaft" and whined, "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore." The C.C. also accused Johnson of having "broken the bipartisan line on Vietnam policy." This is, of course, just what you-know-who had done ("...I believe the best way to answer is not simply to defend, but to take the offensive"–Richard M. Nixon).

In Real Life, the Opportunity Kid, far from being shocked by Johnson's outburst, was delighted. "Johnson was tired and irritable," he confided to the *Saturday Evening Post*, "and he just snapped a little. I had just come off the plane in Maine, and somebody told me about it. I couldn't believe it. It was too good to be true."

- in 1966, soon after the Attorney General called the DuBois Clubs a Communist-front organization, the national chairman of the Boys' Clubs, a fellow by the name of Richard Nixon, announced that the DuBois Clubs "are not unaware of the confusion they are causing among our supporters and among many other good citizens." Lots of good guys, you see, had begun thinking that the wholesome, all-American Boys' Clubs were infested with dirty Commie rats. "This," Nixon went on, "is an almost classic example of Communist deception and duplicity."

Well, I'll be Richard Nixon's uncle! So Dr. W.E.B. DuBois (†1963) *deliberately* pronounced his name DooBoys and not DuBwa, and the clubs *deliberately* got themselves declared subversive! The next question–worriedly asked by Brian P. Hendley in a letter to *Newsweek*–is, What about the Marx Brothers? The Cincinnati Reds? The Harvard *Crimson*? The *New Yorker* began brooding about the possibility that the Commies would launch new front groups, like the Mary Conn Legion and the Giant Perch Society. Fortunately, there was a golden lining. As Theodore Hochstadt solemnly noted in the New York *Times*, "the hostility mistakenly directed toward the Boys' Clubs indicates that the score will probably be evened soon, because there should be a number of people joining the Boys' Clubs because they think these are the DuBois Clubs."

OK., so Dick Nixon is obnoxious. And Sophia Loren is good-looking and Dean Martin likes booze. The real mystery is, Exactly what qualities *make* Nixon so obnoxious? After all, he's no John Bircher, no Ku Klux Klanner, and no anti-Semite. He's not terribly dishonest, and as liars go there have been worse. Yet when the town fathers in Whittier, California–Nixon's hometown–began conspiring to name a boulevard after him, the objections were so boisterous that the street is now named Mar Vista Lane. When he addressed the graduating class of his alma mater, Whittier College, a separate receiving line had to be formed for those seniors who didn't want to shake the hand that wags the finger. When Duke University's trustees aberrantly began thinking of awarding Nixon an honorary degree, the faculty voted 61-42 against this hideous idea–a first in Duke's long history. When Herblock, the cartoonist, draws pictures of Nixon as a long, sleek, fat cat, he gets outraged protests from, of course, cat lovers. An esteemed American man of letters, Mark Harris, about to meet Nixon in the flesh for the first time, entertains a fantasy of "carrying a little silver revolver somewhere up my sleeve, cleverly attached by strings and wires to the important muscles of my arm, so that when, meeting Mr. Nixon, my hand would come forward to meet his, the revolver would spring out, I'd fire thrice and cry *'Sic semper tyrannis!'* and flee." (*Mark the Glove Boy*, 1964) In short, despite all his disastrous political reverses, a good many people still think that Nixon is more to be censured than pitied.

Students of Nixonophobia have come up with a number of intriguing theories to explain why Dick is so despicable. Among them:

1. *He's dumb.* That's Mark Harris's conclusion. Nixon, he says, is not "wicked or evil or malevolent except to the extent that these defects of character arise from low intellect." Khrushchev agreed, and so, apparently, does Governor Rockefeller, whose "private view, associates say, is that his potential rival is short on brains." (Philip Potter, in *Candidates 1960*, 1959)

To be sure, this viewpoint is not untenable. Didn't Nixon once praise Woodrow Wilson because "he had one of the largest vocabularies of his time"? Didn't he once refer to Justice Earl Warren as "a great Republican [*sic*] justice"?

It's also undeniable that reading Richard Nixon's collected campaign speeches is like going for a swim in a pool full of peanut butter. Excepting only his notorious Freudian slips, Richard Nixon has never uttered a single profound or provocative sentence in his life. The only halfway intelligent things he ever says deal with the greasy, grimy nuts and bolts of practical politics. He is prone to vulgar oversimplifications ("What are our schools for if not for indoctrination against Communism?"), pablumy platitudes ("The political leader is important"; "I respect the Supreme Court as one of our principal institutions"), and political eyegouging (he accused Stevenson of "Acheson color-blindness–a form of pinkeye").

Yet stupidity is not, in itself, hateful; and Nixon is not even all that dumb. He just sounds as if he is.

2. *He's tasteless.* Icky, Dicky is. During his campaign for Senator in 1950, the Nixon forces announced that, for anyone who answered the phone and said, "Vote for Nixon!" there would be

"PRIZES GALORE!" Electric clocks, Silex coffeemakers with heating units – General Electric automatic toasters – silver salt and pepper shakers, sugar and creamer sets, candy and butter dishes, etc., etc. WIN WITH NIXON!"

Can you imagine even Lyndon Johnson doing that?

Or recall, if you can stand it, the Checkers speech, the late, unlamented Checkers himself, and "I don't believe I ought to quit; I'm not a quitter. And Pat's not a quitter. After all, her name was Patricia Ryan and she was born on St. Patrick's day, and you know the Irish never quit." (*Unheard cheers from millions of unseen listeners*)

Or take that Friday afternoon speech in 1960 when Nixon recalled that when "we were growing up, my older brother for one year desperately wanted a pony. My father could have bought one for about $75. And my brother, who died when I was quite young, kept saying, 'Oh, I want this pony more than anything in the world.'... But, do you know what happened? My mother and father had a little family council," etc. When reporters covering that speech referred to the occasion later, it was either Maudlin Friday, or The Day the Pony Died.

"The hard fact is," says Professor Schlesinger, "that Nixon lacks taste." A corollary is that he's shallow. He has "no time for novels," admits that modern art is beyond him, and eats, and enjoys, TV dinners ("I'm no gourmet"). His favorite composer is Tschaikovsky and he prefers reading books about political figures ("I have no time for novels"). True, Nixon was once photographed carrying a copy of a Faulkner anthology–he posed so that the title was clearly visible–but though he does resemble some of the Snopes boys, it is as hard to imagine a rapport between Nixon and Faulkner as to imagine one between President Johnson and Gerard Manley Hopkins.

3. *Nixon has little integrity.*

Listen to Nixon in the Checkers speech: "My service record was not a particularly unusual one. I went to the South Pacific. I guess I'm entitled to a couple of battle stars. I got a couple of letters of commendation, but I was just there when the bombs were falling, and then I returned."

Such becoming modesty! Sad to say, it's all too appropriate. As Stewart Alsop writes in *Nixon and Rockefeller* (1960), "...Nixon had a noncombat job far from the battle lines..." For a few weeks, though, his naval unit was on the fringes of a combat area. He got a citation for being efficient in providing supplies. He deserves no battle stars.

In 1956, Nixon was saying: "We have driven the Communists, the fellow-travelers, and the security risks out of the government by the thousands." Later, a Senate Investigating Committee reported that 53% of those fired as security risks had been hired by the Republicans. Among all of them, there wasn't a single Communist.

In 1951 Nixon asked: "How can we win in 1952? This is the 64 billion dollar question. I say the 64 billion dollar question because that's the annual cost of keeping the present administration in office." As Nixon knew, the 1951 budget was 544 billion. Facts, as they say, kill many a good story.

Question: How can you tell if Richard Nixon is lying?

Answer: His lips are moving.

To continue. According to the Nixon philosophy, a "facility essential to the politician is that of appearing to answer a question emphatically when, in reality, the whole point of the question has been successfully evaded." Here, at least, Mr. Nixon is no hypocrite. He practices the deceit he preaches. With regard to the Rich Men's Fund, instead of answering the question, "Did you vote the way they wanted you to?" he answered the question, "Did you make any personal use of that money?" Accosting him once, Mark Harris began: "You say you'll prevent Communists from speaking on college campuses..." "I didn't say Socialists," riposted Nixon, practicing the Theory of the Non Sequitur. It worked, because poor Mark Harris was left bewildered.

Surprisingly, the political figure Nixon admires most is Abraham Lincoln. Not surprisingly, Nixon admires him because "He was a skillful political operator."

In sum, it is true of Richard Nixon, as the saying goes, that his conscience is not his guide but his accomplice.

4. *He's a hypocrite.* A perfect forinstance came in 1960, when Nixon had to decide whether or not to withdraw from the Vice Presidential slot because of the Rich Men's Fund. While Nixon was trying to decide, his aide Murray Chotiner told him that if he did withdraw, he'd be through in politics. "Some way Chotiner's cold, realistic logic broke through the tension...," Nixon told Earl Mazo (*Richard Nixon*, 1959). He then gave his famous monologue, saying, "I would do nothing that would harm the possibilities of Dwight Eisenhower to become the President of the United States..." Later, he told Stewart Alsop that he had decided that "if I withdrew, Ike would probably lose. So I decided to make the effort to stay on..." That's Dick Nixon, always thinking of the other guy.

Recently Nixon admitted, "Occasionally I say a good word for Johnson or

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICK SCHREITER

Humphrey. It's a device, of course, to show I'm fair-minded...." On another occasion, he said: "The only time to lose your temper is when it's deliberate." Kudos to the man who first called Richard Nixon the "Abominable Showman."

5. *He is other-directed and has no deep principles.* True. But most politicians, to be successful, must be somewhat other-directed. They must hoist their sales to the prevailing minds. Like rapists, murderers, and the insane, Nixon doesn't differ from other men except in degree. He's got about as much self-direction and independence of mind as litmus paper.

Richard the chameleon-hearted has no major political goals other than getting himself elected. His voting record is a crazy quilt, with most of the patches on the right side. He is in favor of capital punishment, against Medicare, and for "lower rates in the higher income brackets" because "You couldn't squeeze any more taxes out of the people in the higher brackets at this point than you could get juice out of a cueball." He supported Truman's decision to intervene in Korea, but later called the war "fruitless and unnecessary." He wanted MacArthur reinstated and he called for total victory, urging the bombing of Manchurian bases and a naval blockade of China unless she stopped interfering, but he didn't object to Eisenhower's peace settlement. Nixon has also come out for outlawing the Communist Party and against attempts to ease the Cold War. The nuclear test-ban treaty, he said, was "appalling," "catastrophic nonsense," "naive," and "the height of irresponsibility." He is one of America's foremost hawks as regards Vietnam, and recently—now that he's seeking Goldwater votes—he's noted that he didn't vote for the Civil Rights Bill.

Still, apart from his tepid Goldwaterism, "...he stands for almost nothing," as Professor Schlesinger has said. "Nixon has no ideas, only methods.... He is neither reactionary nor radical, neither conservative nor liberal; he is, in fact, the 'other-directed' man in politics." Emmet John Hughes, an Eisenhower speechwriter who observed Nixon closely for several years, reports: "the philosophy of any policy interested him, quite evidently, far less than its efficacy." Theodore H. White is convinced that Nixon lost the 1960 election because he suffered from a "lack of an over-all structure of thought ..." Nixon knew the winds and could brave the storm, but "there was missing in him always the direction of the navigator, the man who knows the stars and is guided by the stars." (*The Making of the President 1960*, 1961)

In brief, Nixon is not a politician but a *Realpolitikian*. What a shyster is to a lawyer, what a hack is to a writer, what a grind is to a student, Richard Nixon is to a statesman.

6. *He's a know-it-all.* "I never heard Nixon ask anybody anything," Mark Harris observes. Nixon has an opinion on every subject under the sun, usually a worthless one, but his admitting, "I haven't made up my mind yet," or "I just don't know," is inconceivable. A *Saturday Evening Post* interviewer asks, If you had been President, and not Kennedy, would the Cuban invasion have been successful? "Absolutely." Not only that: "I think I would have been effective in handling civil-rights legislation."

7. *He's suspicious.* "...he seems instinctively to feel there is some person or clique deliberately doing wicked things," Professor Schlesinger wrote way before the Boys' Club brouhaha. Teddy White says, "he trusts only himself and his wife...."

Take the time in 1958 when the New York *Times* inquired of the State Department how the mail was running on government policy during the Quemoy-Matsu crises. The Department reported that the letters were 80% against. Thereupon Nixon denounced this "patent and deliberate effort of a State Department subordinate to undercut the secretary of state and sabotage his policy." The State Department quickly absolved the poor culprit of any such intent. Invoking the Theory of the Non Sequitur, Nixon replied: My statement had no implication the man was a Communist or a subversive."

Nixon's suspiciousness is, evidently, contagious. He kept insisting, for example, that the riots in South America during his 1958 visits were inspired and carried out only by Communists. Earl Mazo, in his bootlicking biography, goes along. Only trained Communists could have spit on Nixon the way these people did, Mazo insinuates. "...Peruvians and Venezuelans seldom spit, even when agitated. Nevertheless, the barrages spewed on the Vice President and Mrs. Nixon in Lima and Caracas came from disciplined mouths, not from lone hotheads."

8. *He's intemperate.* In 1958, Nixon called upon the Newspaper Publishers Association to consider the "sobering fact [that] the Soviet economy is growing faster than ours." In 1954, when Adlai Stevenson said the exact same thing, Nixon accused him of "spreading Communist propaganda."

Again in 1958, President Eisenhower happened to say that American prosperity was based on war and bloodshed. Stevenson commented that Eisenhower had spoken "thoughtlessly and carelessly." Nixon then charged into the act, shrieking that Stevenson's mild rebuke was "one of the most vicious, scurrilous attacks ever made by a major political figure on a President of the United States." Not two years later, Nixon said that Eisenhower had "the best eight-year record of any Administration in the history of this country." Sorry about that, Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln. A few years earlier, when Harry Truman said that under his administration the United States's global position had improved, Nixon called this "the most dishonest remark in America's political history."

Nixon is also intemperate in the literal meaning of that word—he's a sort of modern Ignoble Savage. "If they care to stoop that low," Joseph Kraft wrote in *Esquire*, "the Democrats have available a television clip of an angry Nixon being blasphemous because of some technical foul-up." I myself vividly recall the time when Nixon was debating with Khrushchev and made one of his usual Mickey Mouse jokes. A look of immense self-satisfaction oozed into his eyes. The ghost of a smile on his face, he eagerly turned to the spectators. *Nothing.* Immediately Nixon's face contorted, his lips curled, and his eyes sent out shafts of hard, ugly, naked hatred. It took him a few moments to regain his composure. (Incidentally, if you read the *whole* of that debate you'll discover that Nixon fluffed that one too, without deficit of facial make-up. Nixon: "There are some instances where you may be ahead of us, for example, in the thrust of your rockets for the investigation of outer space. There may be some instances in which we are ahead of you—in color television, for instance.")

9. *He hungers for success.* This, I contend, is the master key to Nixon's personality; all the other traits listed above merely open up individual rooms. His driving ambition helps account for many of these other traits—his hypocrisy, his sleaziness and hokeyness, his chameleonesque viewpoints. Anything to get ahead. As he told one *Redbook* interviewer, "A young man's sole concern should be: What is the opportunity?"

Despite those skeptics who assert that Nixon has no philosophy, first, foremost, and all the time he is a Nixonite. He employs neither the hard sell nor the soft sell, as Douglass Cater has observed, but only the self sell. "His only passion is the passion to win," Professor Schlesinger notes. He has an "irrepressible drive to get ahead, to excel," according to *Esquire*. Stewart Alsop speaks of "Nixon's tremendous ambition" and his "hunger for success." Earl Mazo reports: "In candor, Nixon admits to strong personal ambitions and wonders about the frankness of those who claim they have no such ambitions of their own." Mazo quotes Nixon as saying, "I never in my life wanted to be left behind." Bela Kornitzer, in his awe-struck biography, *The Real Nixon* (1960), quotes a Congressman: "Nothing can arouse Nixon's ire more than if one questions his honesty, but he can get really mad if one is skeptical about his political destiny."

Why is Nixon so hell-bent on winning high office? What makes Dicky run so hard? We may find the answer by taking a close look at his background.

* * *

As a general rule, childhood is cause and adulthood effect. So before inquiring into the root causes of Richard Nixon, let us first examine more closely some of the effects.

Even as an adolescent growing up in California, Nixon was sensitive to the opinions of others. He disliked doing "women's work," like washing dishes, and, as one biographer reports, "would draw the blinds tight to shut the world out from his humiliation." Bela Kornitzer calls him "an exceptionally shy and reserved boy," and "hypersensitive."

Nixon was ambitious even then. He dreamed of having the power and the adulation of a railroad engineer—"The best-off man in town was an engineer," Nixon has recalled.

It was in school that this shy but ambitious boy chose two ways to obtain the adulation he wanted: debating and running for office. His skill at debating may have been honed by his six weeks as a barker for a wheel of chance at the Slipper Gulch Rodeo in Prescott, Arizona, when he was a teen-ager. "He learned the knack of drumming up customers and then letting them have it," Philip Andrews writes in *This Man Nixon* (1952). "His booth, it is said, became the most popular one at the show."

As a school debater Nixon was all but invincible. Mrs. Alice Walker of Whittier High School recalls: "He liked to argue about anything. No matter what was discussed, he would take the opposite side for the sake of argument." Nixon's high-school debating coach, Mrs. Norman Vincent, admitted being disturbed by this facility on his part. "He had this ability to slide round an argument, instead of meeting it head-on," she adds.

He was also victorious when he ran for school office—despite the fact that he was a loner, despite his nickname of "Gloomy Gus," and despite the enemies he made. "He had an almost ruthless cocksureness," says classmate Helen Larson, "which was perhaps the reason some students disliked him." What he lacked in popularity, again, he made up in determination.

Toward girls he was antagonistic. Another classmate, Harriet Hudspeth, remembers: "Oh, he used to dislike us girls so! He would make terrible faces at us." Among his pet topics as a debater was his dislike of girls. "One thing was strange, though," Miss Hudspeth continues. "He said he didn't like us, but he didn't seem to mind arguing with us."

At Whittier College Nixon's penchant for acting became noticeable. Dr. Albert Upton, who directed Nixon in one play, is still awed when he recalls how adept the young collegian was in producing tears. "It was beautifully done, those tears," he remembers. When Dr. Upton saw Nixon weeping on Senator Knowland's shoulder after his Checkers speech, Dr. Upton said, he "twinged." But he insists that the tears were genuine. (After that episode, by the way, people started calling Nixon the "Weep" instead of the Veep.) Dr. Upton never dreamed that his former student would go into politics. "But," he says, "I wouldn't have been surprised if, after college, he had gone on to New York or Hollywood looking for a job as an actor." Unfortunately, Hollywood at that time already had one Man of a Thousand Faces.

Nixon graduated second in his class at Whittier, not because he was so smart but because he studied so hard. He was a grind. "All along," Mazo reports, "Dick understood that the only way he would be able to go to law school would be to win a scholarship. He kept his grades up, at whatever cost to his health and social life...."

At Duke, where Nixon got his law scholarship, he was third in his class. Alsop quotes a former classmate: "My impression was that Richard Nixon was not an exceptionally brilliant student. However, he was outstanding because of his ability to do prodigious amounts of work. He pursued his ambition to stand at the head of his class with an intensity that few people are capable of."

After law school, Nixon went to New York and tried to join one of several large Wall Street law firms. According to dozens of Nixon biographers, these firms turned him down. Yet Bela Kornitzer writes in one of the most recent biographies, "Richard had already received offers from New York law firms, but he preferred to establish himself in his hometown." Well, maybe Kornitzer made the mistake. Nixon also tried to join the F.B.I., but was again turned down. He then returned to Whittier to practice, vowing to friends that he'd wind up in the big city someday.

It was while practicing in Whittier that Nixon heard that a pretty, red-headed schoolteacher was active in a local drama group. He dropped by, met her, and—with his usual impetuosity—told her he'd marry her. Said Thelma (Pat) Ryan, unforgettably, "I thought he was nuts or something." Miss Ryan, once an actress who had bit roles in a few films, and Nixon were married in 1942.

In 1942 Nixon also began working for the Office of Price Administration. In March he applied for a Navy commission, which came through in September. He spent part of the war in the South Pacific, on the outer fringes of combat, and devoted most of his spare time to playing poker—a man who played with him marveled at Nixon's success, and attributed it to his uncanny poker face.

When Nixon returned home, Republicans in Whittier suggested that he run for Congress. Now, Nixon up to then had had little interest in politics—he didn't even vote until he was 25. But he accepted the offer with alacrity. "Why did I take it? I'm a pessimist, but if I figure I've got a chance, I'll fight for it." Observes Stewart Alsop: "Nixon became a politician, in short, more because it seemed a good idea at the time than because of any profound political convictions. Having thus entered politics more or less by accident, one suspects that he thought of a political career much as another young veteran back from the wars might think of advertising, or meat packing, or bond selling—as a way to make a living and get ahead."

Nixon's opponent was incumbent Jerry Voorhis, a man who, according to a Communist newspaper, was "against unity with Communists on any issue." Yet Nixon based his campaign on sly hints that Voorhis was subversive (e.g., Nixon castigated officials "who front for un-Americanelements, wittingly or otherwise—"). Nixon also campaigned in his Commander's uniform and had photos of himself taken all brassed up—until he learned that officers are unpopular with non-officer veterans who vote. Later, he rationed that he couldn't find the right civilian suit, hence the Navy outfit.

Mainly by redtagging Voorhis, Nixon won the election. In Congress, he quickly joined the House Un-American Activities Committee. "Politically," he said, "it could have been the kiss of death, but I figured here was an opportunity as well as a risk, so I took it."

Nixon's opportunity came with the Hiss case. Nixon was certain that Hiss was guilty. "When Hiss finally admitted that he knew Chambers, he did so in a very loud, dramatic voice as if he were acting in a Shakespeare play.... But I was convinced it was purely a bluff." And Chambers? "I did not feel this was an act." But Hiss, Nixon maintained, was "too slick," "too careful," "too smooth." Imagine—trying to fool Richard Nixon with play-acting! As well pick the pocket of Lucky Luciano, or wheel and deal with Lyndon Johnson.

In 1950, Nixon decided to run for Senator and his opponent turned out to be Helen Douglas, wife of movie actor Melvyn Douglas. Some lowlights of the campaign:

1. Nixon sent all registered Democrats a handbill. It began: "As one Democrat to another...." Another handbill, featuring a smiling photo of Nixon, started: "Fellow Democrats!"

2. Throughout the campaign Nixon tried to link Mrs. Douglas with Vito Marcantonio, the Communist sympathizer. Nixon's aides kept referring to her as "the Pink Lady"; a leaflet assailing her voting record was printed on pink paper. Nixon also trumpeted the fact that she had voted with Marcantonio 354 times—not mentioning that she had voted with her party 85% of the time, nor mentioning that the Communist press called her a "capitalist warmonger." Marcantonio himself habitually referred to Mrs. Douglas as "that bitch," and during Nixon's campaign he "went to a friend of Nixon's and said, chuckling, 'Tell Nicky to get on this thing because it is a good idea.'" (William Costello, *The Facts About Nixon*, 1960) Marcantonio was delighted when Mrs. Douglas lost.

Two years later, Nixon was offered the Vice Presidential nomination. Murray Chotiner talked him into it. "The junior Senator from California doesn't amount to anything," counseled Chotiner. "Suppose you are a candidate for Vice President, and we lose. You're still the junior Senator and haven't lost anything. If you win, and are elected Vice President, and at the end of four years you become all washed up, you could open a law office in Whittier and have all the business in town."

Then came the revelation about the Rich Man's Fund, $18,000 contributed by a strictly limited number of Nixon supporters. "I was warned," said Nixon defensively, "that if I continued to attack the Communists and crooks in this administration, they would smear me, and, believe me, you can expect they will continue to do so." In case you've forgotten the great Checkers speech, here are excerpts:

"I am sure that you have read the charge and you've heard of it that I, Senator Nixon, took $18,000 from a group of my supporters.

"Now, was that wrong? ...I say it was morally wrong if any of that $18,000 went to Senator Nixon for my personal use....

"...the purpose of the fund simply was to defray political expenses that I did not feel should be charged to the Government....

"Let me say, incidentally, my opponent, my opposite number for the Vice Presidency on the Democratic ticket, does have his wife on the payroll. And has had her on his payroll for the past 10 years.

"Now, just let me say this. That's his business and I'm not critical of him for doing that. You will have to pass judgment on that particular point.... I just didn't feel it was right to put my wife on the payroll.

"My wife's sitting over there....

"And so far as Mr. Sparkman is concerned...he's had his wife on the payroll. I don't condemn him for that....

"And I can say to this great television and radio audience that I have no apologies to the American people for my part in putting Alger Hiss where he is today....

"And, remember, Eisenhower is a great man. Believe me, he's a great man. And a vote for Eisenhower is a vote for what's good in America."

OK, now some facts. The real issue was whether Nixon had voted in accordance with the wishes of his—if you'll excuse the expression—"angels," and whether he had done them any favors. According to Washington correspondent William Costello, real-estate men paid 36% of the Fund, manufacturing and distribution, 19%; oil interests, 19%. According to Costello, "...Nixon's votes on housing, on corporation taxes, on labor, and on oil issues tended uniformly to favor their interests."

Now, the man behind the Fund was named Dana Smith. The Washington *Star*, "on September 24, the day after the broadcast, reported that Nixon's office had interceded on behalf of Dana Smith himself in a Justice Department case in which a firm owned by Smith's family was asking a tax rebate of half a million dollars. Moreover, the legal opinion from Gibson, Dunn and Crutcher from which he quoted in the Checkers speech acknowledged that, after interviewing 'a number of contributors,' it had learned that 'in two instances the contributor had contacted Nixon to request his assistance in connection with matters pending before a department or agency of the government.'"

Also: "It was not illogical to ask why the contributors should want to be so exclusive unless they could perceive individual or group interests that the object of their benefactions might serve."

Also: Though the Fund went to pay Nixon's office and traveling expenses, obviously if he had had to pay these himself his standard of living would have dropped.

Also: "None of the expenses covered by the Fund could have been legally charged to the taxpayer." Nixon got about $80,000 expense money for being a Senator; he had spent it all.

Still, the public's reaction to the Checkers speech was frenzied and favorable. Darryl F. Zanuck, a Nixon friend, called it, "the most tremendous performance I've ever seen." Eisenhower himself wasn't completely happy. So Nixon phoned him and told him "to pee or get off the pot" (Alsop)—and eventually Eisenhower relented.

Though it isn't generally known, in 1956 Eisenhower seemed interested in having Nixon off the ticket. He suggested that the Vice Presidency take a Cabinet job instead, ostensibly because this might further his career. Nixon refused. Emmet John Hughes quotes Ike: "The thing Dick may have figured was that 1960 didn't matter so much, and in the event of my ever—disablement, he'd take over and at least have the Presidency *that* long."

It also isn't generally known that Nixon tried his best to tolerate "my good friend, Joe McCarthy." On one occasion, Nixon said: "McCarthy's intentions were right, but his tactics were, frankly, so inept at times that he probably did our cause more harm than good." Not the cause of justice or humanity—just the Republican cause.

Richard Rovere writes: "The credit or discredit that attaches to the Administration's handling of Senator McCarthy can mostly be put on Nixon's account. He established and executed the strategy. In Martin Merson's *Private Diary of a Public Servant*, it is shown that Nixon not only laid down the line on McCarthy to appointed officials, but that he had to be consulted on so small a matter as whether an Administration member should or should not trouble McCarthy for an appointment." Later, of course, when McCarthy began talking about 21 years of treason and not just 20, Nixon helped bring about his humiliation.

What was the difference between Nixon and McCarthy? Nixon had a clear goal, winning the Presidency; McCarthy was merely a wild adventurer, out for kicks. Because of his goal, Nixon had to be more sensitive to the views of others, more willing to abide by the rules.

In recapping Nixon's life, we must not leave out his riotous South American tour in 1958, a tour that Walter Lippmann called "a diplomatic Pearl Harbor."

My own favorite episode in the life of Richard Nixon took place in Caracas. Nixon was at the airport, underneath a balcony. On the balcony were Nixonophobes, armed with spit and assorted garbage. Suddenly they launched their diabolical attack. Nixon was all set to sprint away—but just at that moment, of all moments, a band struck up the Venezuelan National Anthem! Nixon froze at respectful attention, hand on heart, and didn't budge throughout the entire rendition. And the spittle rained and rained and rained. What was Nixon thinking? "I thought, what a really lousy thing this is."

Then came the 1960 election. Emmet John Hughes agrees with Teddy White that Nixon lost because he had no profound principles. In Hughes's mind, the most symbolic event of the campaign was Nixon's failure to do anything about the jailing of Martin Luther King. Bobby Kennedy, you may recall, telephoned Mr. King's wife. But Nixon hesitated. By coming to King's help, he must have thought, he'd make inroads into the Negro vote. But he'd also risk losing the votes of bigots. Hughes asks: "How—without feeling deep commitment in principle—*could* one choose?"

In recent years, Nixon's carpetbag, filled with Cold War cliches, has been getting musty and ragged. When he ran for Governor in California, he vowed to combat "the grave dangers of Communism in California." Naturally, he lost. And, of course, Nixon's still making those booboos. Take this recent dispatch from the New York *Times* on Nixon's visit to Rio de Janeiro:

"At one point Mr. Nixon stopped to talk with a toothless pregnant woman who had three children clinging to her ragged skirts....

"'What does your husband do for a living?' Mr. Nixon inquired.

"The woman looked puzzled for a moment, and then began to laugh. It turned out that she had no husband.

"'Thank you very much,' said Nixon, and he turned away."

* * *

Having met Nixon the man, let us meet Nixon the child.

Richard Nixon was the second son born to Frank and Hannah Nixon and the first child ever born in Yorba Linda, in southern California, an event that occurred on Jan. 9, 1913. Nine years later, the family moved to Whittier, near Los Angeles, where Nixon spent his young manhood.

Now, as Stewart Alsop has observed, Whittier is just a stone's throw from Hollywood, world capital of phoniness. And throughout southern California, he points out, "Hollywood has a good deal to do with those attitudes and standards" its native sons develop. In Nixon's stomping grounds, then, "humanness was, and is, a way of life, and a highly respected one." One mystery is solved.

And then there was Nixon's late father. Born in poverty, Frank Nixon worked hard to better himself, moving from one low-paying, unskilled job to another. The fact was that his wife, Hannah, had come from a fine family, and people gossiped that she had married beneath her. Her husband probably felt the same way and, says Stewart Alsop, it was "one reason Frank Nixon was so combative." The closest he ever came to being rich was when he had the opportunity to buy a piece of land that later began gushing oil. He declined. "It has been difficult," says Earl Mazo, "for the Nixons to forget altogether how close they had been to being rich."

Frank and Hannah Nixon's eagerness to get ahead in the world, to recoup what Mrs. Nixon had lost, was transmitted to their sons. "My father and mother," Richard Nixon has said, "instilled in us the desire to get going, to be good at not just one single thing but at everything." "There was a drive to success; to survive, always."

His father helped make his son ambitious; he also helped make him belligerent. A minister who knew Frank called him "brusque, loud, dogmatic, strong-willed, emotional, and impatient." His terrible temper was aggravated by ulcers. When the Nixons were running a gas station, Frank's wife and children had to keep him away from the customers lest his surliness drive them away. At little provocation he would wallop his sons. Many years later, when reporters congregated in his home on account of his famous son, Frank exploded: "Why don't we kick them out? All of them!"

"He was a very competitive man," Richard says of his father. "He always instilled this competitive feeling in all of us—I guess I acquired my competitive instinct from him. He was a fighter. He loved to argue with anyone about anything." *That* clinches it. Nixon's belligerency and his intemperateness came from emulating his father. Frank Nixon made anger seem socially acceptable and made hostility toward other human beings seem normal.

Now, here's a tough multiple-choice question. Richard Nixon was born (a) Jewish (b) a Buddhist (c) a Mormon (d) a Quaker. Astoundingly enough (d) is correct. His mother came from a long line of Quakers; his father, a Methodist, converted when he married her. In the towns where Nixon grew up, there were large Quaker colonies. The Nixon family was scrupulously religious. The children had to attend church three times on Sunday and every Wednesday night. Card-playing and dancing were forbidden. Mrs. Hannah Nixon recalls: "We used to let the boys read a text of scripture lesson

each morning after breakfast." Whittier College, which Richard attended, was a strict Quaker school, and while Nixon was there he went to church four times on Sunday. His wife, Thelma, also was born a Quaker.

Today, of course, Nixon is a lapsed Quaker. Very lapsed. At last report, he was attending a Congregational church. He volunteered for the armed services. He plays poker. He drinks. He curses. He dances occasionally. Though Quakers take pride in dressing simply, Nixon, in his Checkers speech, was aggrieved that wife Thelma had only a cloth coat. Today she has several fur pieces. Most significantly, throughout his political life Richard Nixon has almost always been a hawk.

One can speculate that very early in life Nixon found Quakerism unappealing. It is, after all, a religion without pageantry and colorful rituals, a simple, spiritual religion, one beyond the scope of most children. No doubt Nixon went along to please his parents, following the rules and learning, perhaps for the first time, that occasionally you have to play a part to make other people happy. He learned the lesson well. When his mother asked the young Nixon if he wanted to become a Quaker minister, Nixon gave it to her right between the eyes: "I think I can be of more service to the people by being a good lawyer." The die was cast, the hypocrite on his way.

The misfortune to grow up near Hollywood helps explain Nixon's hamminess and hokeyness. A hot-tempered, belligerent father helps explain his immoderation and his hostility. A religious upbringing he rejected helps explain his priggishness and his penchant for pretense. And yet this cannot be all there is to Nixon. If Nixon is basically different from other men in his fierce, fanatical determination to succeed, we have yet to discover an adequate cause. Even his coming from a status-seeking family does not seem wholly satisfactory.

Perhaps the answer is suggested in an event that occurred when Nixon was three years old. His mother was driving a two-horse buggy home from the depot at Placentia. The horses suddenly became unmanageable; the carriage began rocking, Nixon fell out. A wheel passed over his head, causing a deep laceration of the scalp, which was separated from the bone for several inches. Nixon was rushed to a hospital.

A friend of the Nixon family recalls: "The boy was given the usual rest and had an uneventful but rather slow recovery."

All his hair had to be cut off. Quite some time elapsed before the ugly red scar faded and before enough hair would grow to cover it. For many years afterwards, Nixon wore his hair piled high on his head. A photo of him in high school shows Nixon with his hair about three inches high, in sharp contrast to his young friends around him. Even today, says Nixon's mother, "The deep scar is covered by his thick hair." Earl Mazo writes: "The ugly scar is still there—from above the forehead to the neck—hidden by hair always parted on the right."

To a child, disfiguration can be disastrous to his picture of himself—especially to a child growing up near Hollywood, where physical attractiveness is so important. As a child, Nixon must have seen horror and repugnance on the faces of those around him; he must have been subject to the cruel teasing that young children are capable of. It is possible that his self-esteem was irreparably lowered, that he was forever condemned to replenish what he had lost by seeking the esteem of other people. Still if you don't approve of yourself, people who see you as you really are won't approve, either. Hence you must pretend to be better than you really are.

Nixon was a sensitive, solitary child. His dislike of girls was intense. It was they, more than boys, who might reject him because of his disfiguration. He made grotesque faces at them. "You think I'm ugly because I'm making you think I'm ugly." Yet in his search for self-esteem, he would argue with them and seek their vote; though he disliked them, and must have thought they disliked him, they would have to admire him. In Adlerian terms, he was over-compensating for his feelings of inferiority.

Nixon today seems to be an unhappy, frustrated man—except when he is basking in public adulation. "He gives the impression," says a London News *Chronicle* correspondent, "of constantly feeling on trial." Teddy White speaks of the "volatility of the man's moods. When he was in hostile or unfriendly territory, or speaking to indifferent audiences, he would be either sad or harshly strident. But in friendly audiences he could become warm and radiant and glowing." Reporter Frank Holeman writes: "Although generally of a cheerful disposition, Nixon is subject to black moods of depression. These moods may last for an hour, or even days, when he feels 'circumstances' are against him." White, again, says: "rather than being the hard, cruel, vengeful man as constantly described by the liberal press, Nixon was above all a friend seeker, almost pathetic in his eagerness to be liked." According to former Attorney General William P. Rogers, "While he is likely to maintain a serious, almost brooding countenance in the company of three or four persons, he lights up like a Christmas tree when confronted with a crowd." Alone, says Emmet John Hughes, Nixon is "laconic and clinical, reflective and withdrawn, not confident but groping." In public, of course, he is faultless and all-knowing. Unconsciously, Nixon acknowledges the conflict between the public and private Nixon—by often referring to himself in the third person.

One of the frankest interviews Richard Nixon ever gave was to Stewart Alsop a few years ago. Nixon knew he was dealing with someone perceptive and intelligent and sympathetic. In the middle of the interview, Nixon admits, sadly, that he cannot let other people see him as he really is. (In other words, he does not approve of himself and doesn't expect other people to, unless he plays a role.) He says: "The more you stay in this kind of job, the more you realize that a public figure, a major public figure, is a lonely man.... You can't talk too much about your personal plans, your personal feelings. I believe in keeping my own counsel. It's something like wearing clothing—if you let your hair down, you feel too naked." A few moments later, he adds: "Any kind of personal confession is embarrassing to me generally. I can discuss the issues, general subjects. I have fun playing poker, being with friends. But any letting down of my hair, I find that embarrassing." The interview is just

about over. Alsop says: "Well, I've taken up a lot of your time already. Thanks very much—it's been really interesting." Out of nowhere Nixon says: "You know, I try to be candid with newspapermen, but I can't really let my hair down with anyone." Alsop asks, Not even with old friends? "No. Not really with anyone. Not even with my family."

"...But if Nixon misses in 1956, he will be conspicuously available in 1960. Indeed, almost as far as one can see down the corridors of time—1956, 1960, 1964, 1968, 1972, 1976, 1980, and even 1984—Nixon will be available. With giant strides being taken every day in the field of geriatrics, it is even conceivable that Nixon will be a hard man to count out in the Republican convention of 2000—held, perhaps, at some pleasant American resort on Mars. Whether or not the prospect pleases, it impones."—Richard Rovere, *Harper's* Magazine, September, 1955

RICHARD M. NIXON,
FORMER POLITICIAN,
SEEKS PRESIDENCY

Special to The New York Times

LOURDES, Jan. 2, 1984—Richard M. Nixon, a former Vice President of the United States, announced last night that, if it is offered to him, he will accept the Republican Party's Presidential nomination this year.

Mr. Nixon, who lost his campaign for Mayor of Fulton, Missouri, in 1972, lost his campaign for coroner of Bryan, Texas, in 1976, lost his campaign for chairman of the Shade Tree Committee of Ho-ho-kus, New Jersey, in 1980, and lost his campaign for commander of the Secaucus American Legion Post 184 in 1982, told this reporter: "Duty compels Nixon to come to the aid of his country in its hour of need." Beaming, he added: "Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a President like Richard Nixon?"

Informed of Nixon's announcement, President Ted Kennedy remarked: "Nixon? Wasn't he once a Vice President or something?"

Informed of President Kennedy's remark, Nixon wept noisily on the shoulder of his wife, Sapphire, and said: "I don't mind his sarcasm or his vicious, unprincipled attack on Richard Nixon. But I do want to say this. I resent his typically snide innuendo against the great office of the Vice Presidency."

Mr. Nixon, who is 71, is married to Sapphire Schwartz, his first wife, Thelma, having run away with Nelson Rockefeller. According to unimpeachable sources, the one-time Vice President married Miss Schwartz, a Jewish woman who converted to negritude, in hopes of winning the Negro and Jewish votes. There have been reports that he beats her occasionally as a sop to the bigots. Impeachable sources say that Mr. Nixon first proposed to Sammy Davis Jr. in hopes of making inroads into the homosexual community, not to mention the legions of the handicapped, but that Mr. Davis informed him that he was happily heterosexually married.

Looking smooth-shaven (Mr. Nixon explains that he now shaves every 8 minutes), the candidate reminded reporters that he has devoted his waning years to writing (*Three More Crises, Another Seven Crises, A Bonanza of 112 New Crises*). Though he didn't mention it, a short stint in the used-car business proved a colossal disaster.

Mr. Nixon has also traveled to every country on earth 16 times. Last year, on his visit to the North Pole, a group of vicious polar bears hissed at Mr. Nixon's helicopter and, as Mr. Nixon related it later, began making obscene gestures. "Those so-called polar bears were too well organized for it to have been a spontaneous demonstration," Mr. Nixon said at the time. "Do you mean that they're Communists?" a reporter asked. "I didn't say that," Mr. Nixon snapped. "They might have been Socialists."

At last night's news conferences, Mr. Nixon was asked: "Is it true that you are quietly seeking the support of Wallace, Stokely Carmichael, Harold Stassen, and Dr. Duvalier?" Mr. Nixon replied: "I will refuse to accept the Vice Presidential slot. Sapphire feels the same way as I do."

"Incidentally," he went on, "it's no secret that Ted Kennedy once cheated while he was in college. Personally, I don't blame him for this. I've made a promise to Sapphire, who's sitting over there, not even to mention it in my campaign. If he wants to cheat, that's his business. I myself didn't cheat, of course, while I was in college, even though I had to skimp because my brother wanted that pony. Other people will have to decide whether a rotten cheat deserves two terms as President of this great country. In fact, I've found Teddy to be quite a delightful person, once you get to know him."

Asked, "What will the key issues of this campaign be?" Mr. Nixon replied earnestly: "I am, and have always been, in favor of talking about important issues. My wife, Sapphire Schwartz, agrees with me, and you know how smart those Jews are! Ha, ha! Now, what are important issues? I'll tell you what important issues are. I never dodge a question. An important issue (*pause*) is an issue (*pause*) that is (*pause*) vital (*pause*) and significant (*pause*). And I'll argue to the last breath in my body about this (*here his voice rose*) no matter *what* Ted Kennedy says!

"Now, why will I argue to the last breath in my body about this? I'll answer that question right here and now. There are three reasons. Reason one: When I was a small boy, my brother wanted this pony more than anything else. 'I want this pony more than anything else,' he told me. He also told my mom and dad, 'I want this pony more than anything else, mom and dad.' You can ask Sapphire if you don't believe me. And do you know what happened?"

At this point, quite unexpectedly, there was a loud chorus of "Yes!" from the assembled reporters.

Looking first startled, then furiously angry, Mr. Nixon launched into a tirade against the press, the exact text of which cannot be published in a family newspaper like this. Mr. Nixon then abruptly turned his back and began leaving through a trapdoor, snarling over his shoulder: "You won't have Nixon to kick around anymore!"

Just when a few reporters began leaving, however, Mr. Nixon reappeared, smiling and shaking hands all around.

"Don't forget!" he called later as the reporters began drifting out. "Remember the Hiss case! Hey, you can't have forgotten that kitchen debate with Khrushchev! Remember when I was spit on in South America? Remember? ... Remember?"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JULIO MITCHELL

Galahad's Pad

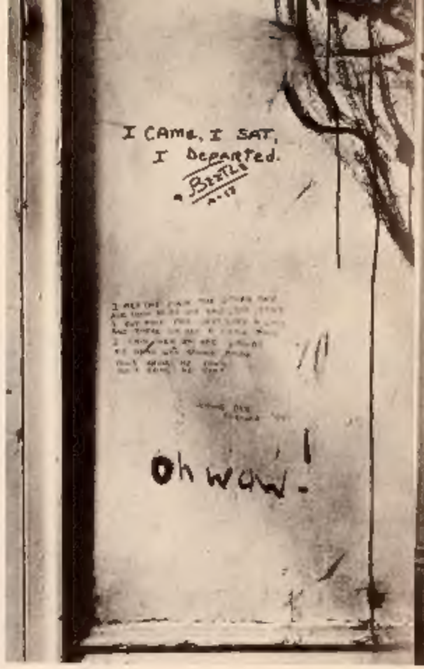
According to sociologists, the most significant contribution made by hippies to American culture is not the promotion of psychedelic drugs and not the renunciation of materialism, but the innovation of the hippie commune. "If this hippie life-style continues to grow at its present rate," says Tufts University's Richard Fairfield, "marriage and family life will be obsolete in America by the 21st Century."

There are now some 50 hippie communes flourishing across the United States, from the Diggers in San Francisco to the USCO Utopian Community in upstate New York, but nowhere are they more numerous than in lower Manhattan's East Village, where some 15 hippie communes thrive. The most renowned of these is Galahad's Pad at 622 E. 11th Street, its reputation—or notoriety—stemming from over 30 police raids during the past six months.

The spiritual leader of the pad is a 24-year-old Kansan named Ronald Johnson (above) who goes under the nom de hip of Galahad. A devout Christian, Galahad says, "The police don't like us because we don't have short hair, we don't wear shoes, and we don't have jobs. But we're going to make it because J.C. [Jesus Christ] guards this place. He won't let anything happen. We've got a beautiful thing going here."

622 E. 11 St., N.Y.C.

HE WHO WATCHES A CRIME IN SILENCE, COMMITS IT !!!
OVERTHROW!

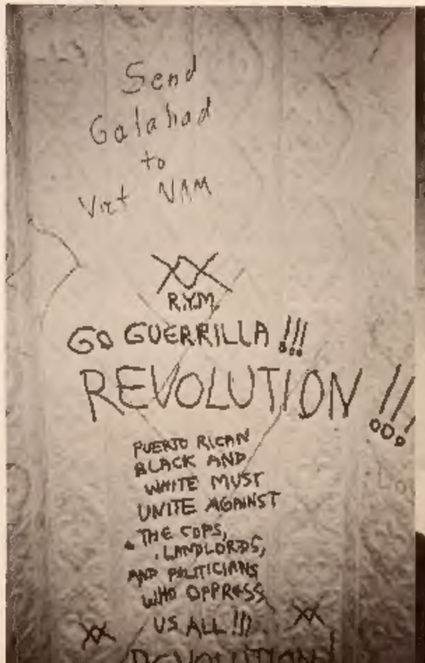

I CAME, I SAT, I DEPARTED.
BEETLE
Oh wow!

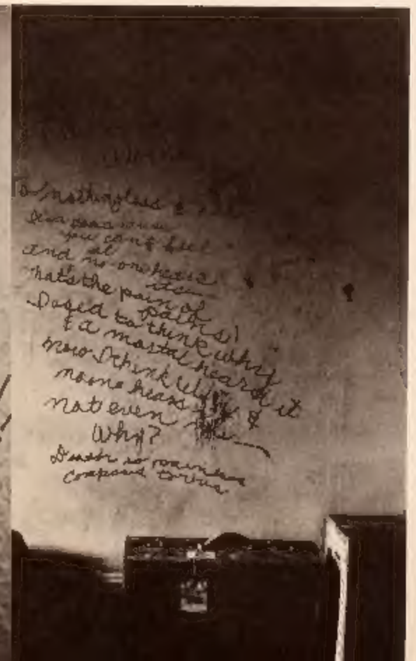
CHILD ANGEL

SEX ON LSD IS FUN
PEACE

PEACE to ALL my Brothers from PUERTO RICO
LONG LIVE THE WORLD REVOLUTION !!!
R.Y.M.

GUERRILLA


Send Galahad to Viet NAM
R.Y.M.
GO GUERRILLA !!!
REVOLUTION !!!
PUERTO RICAN BLACK AND WHITE MUST UNITE AGAINST
• THE COPS, LANDLORDS, AND POLITICIANS WHO OPPRESS US ALL !!!



LEO BARON BY BRAD HOLLAND

THE HATE MAIL OF CAPTAIN LEVY

M. L. means Mad Dog Jew.

You dirty sneaky low down animal you know the S. restricted some of your race from the ovens. Yet you owe allegiance to no country, you International Jew.

No wonder Jews have been kicked out of every European country. Even Soviet Russia, whose atheistic, ty

rannical form of government is organized by a motley Jews, can't stomach the traiterous Jews despite the immense help given them by the Goudmans Rosenbergs Sobells, Silvens, etc. etc., all of whose world can't be wrong.

As any Christian reads the [illegible] Semites as to read [illegible] of humanity. [illegible] the [illegible] thing that [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

Dear Dr. Levy,

I am a Board Certified General Surgeon just returned from Vietnam where I was chief of Surgical Service at the 17th Field Hospital. I have had civilian training and am not Regular Army by any means.

I feel that you have done a disservice to the Army and the medical profession. You are creating issues out of thin air and playing into the hands of rabblerousers.

Have you been to Vietnam? Have you been with a Special Forces unit in the field? Have you seen and cared for combat casualties? Have you been exposed to war and death?

In addition to caring for combat casualties, we American medical personnel cared for Vietnamese civilians, correcting cleft-lips and other deformities. If you want to indict a guilty party, it is the Viet Cong, who throw grenades on crowded streets, assassinate teachers and village leaders, and mine civilian roads.

You have embarrassed the medical profession and disgraced doctors who have died in the line of duty.

Col. W.B.I.
Houston, Texas

Dear Capt. Levy,

We members of the U.S. Army wish to indicate our wholehearted support for your stand against the rotten imperialist war in Southeast Asia. DON T LET THEM SHUT YOU UP!

Cpl. S.D.
APO, San Francisco, California

Dear Dr. Levy,

We are a community of hard-working farmers and if you would like to establish a medical practice here when your ordeal is over, we would welcome you.

R.W.
Audubon, Iowa

You kike Basterd,

Your not interested in war crimes being committed by Viet Congs. Your only interested in yourself getting out of the draft so you could make a lot of money as a dermatologist. You evil cocksuckers are a known race of money hungry basterds which would pimp for their sisters and get a nigger to pay $2 for a short time. I seen it. Thats why 6,000,000 of you were gassed like rats by Eichman. We hope your found guilty.

Anonymous
Carbondale, Pennsylvania

Dear Captain Levy,

Each day that you are imprisoned the world will know that you are still a free man. Fortitude

R.R.
Glassboro, New Jersey

Dear Mr. Levy,

If you are against aspects of the war, demonstrate, protest, vote against the war advocates, but don't take it out on the innocent people of South Vietnam. Think of your work as a contribution to mankind rather than a political or military act.

D.W.W.
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dear Cap't H.B. Levy:

If you don't mind it coming from a good Catholic-- and ex-Marine--I'll pray for you.

R.W.T.
Lansford, Pennsylvania

Dear Dr. Levy,

A truly brave man is not afraid to appear a coward in the eyes of the multitude. God Bless You. You are the bravest soldier in the United States Army.

Mrs. V.V.
Carbondale, Illinois

Dr. Howard B Levy,

Physician, heal thyself!!

C.K.
Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Howard Levy,

By your example you are showing to present and future generations that not all Americans remained silent during the slaughter of the innocents.

T.O'H.
Brentwood, New York

Doctor,

My Rx for you: A dose of cyanide of potassium Good riddance you scummy scoundrel.

Anonymous
Staten Island, New York

Dear Dr. Levy,

Your noble refusal to associate yourself with Lyndon Johnson s hideous war is an act of heroism--indeed, the only heroism possible for an American soldier in 1967.

Mrs. E.D.
Kansas City, Missouri

Dear Sir,

As a fellow Yid, I deplore your unpatriotic behavior. Why must it always be Jews in the head-lines for this type of activity? People like you supply enough ammunition for the anti semites to last a thousand years. Is it any wonder the International Jew never belongs? It is people like yourself who are our worst enemy, and not the goyim.

M.B.
Trenton, New Jersey

Dear Dr. Levy,

I applaud your protest against the war in Vietnam. The only war ever worth fighting was the Trojan War. It was fought over a woman and the men knew what they were fighting for.

T.J.
Washington, D.C.

Capt. Levy:

What in hell did you accomplish? Did you believe that you are bigger than the U S. Army? You have disgraced yourself, brought shame to your family, and to us Jews everywhere.

We as Jews should cease the semantics and questioning and get behind our President and refrain from adding fuel to the fires of hatred. This is a poor time for "high minded" principles oppos to the best interests of our country and our peop.

The only course for you is to mitigate the damage done by a deep, sincere statement of sorrow and regret for your stupid violation of your oath. Thousands will feel that you made a grievous error and will judge you in charity if your declaration of sorrow is genuine

M.F
Pittsburgh, [redacted]

Dr. Levy,

I stand in awe of your courage. It [redacted] our nation is not worthy of being save

M A
Butte, Montana

Dear Sir:

You are a typical Jew- this Country is only a bank to you kind. I fought Hitler for your people, but the more I see who leads all these freak ins, peace moves, ban the bomb and all that, I am convinced that the Communist Party is 90% JEWS. I pray to the devil that I live long enough to see the ovens lited again and guys like you made into soap. Would you fight for isreal?

J Mc.
Providence, Rhode Island

Dear Dr. Levy,

Your colleagues in the medical corps who stand mute are not doctors at all but UNDERTAKERS.

R.R., M.D.
New York, New York

Dear Dr. Levy,

I see a strong parallel between your incarceration and Henry David Thoreau's. As you know, Thoreau was imprisoned for refusing to pay tax for U S involvement in the Mexican War. When visiting him, Emerson asked "What are you doing in jail?" To which Thoreau replied "What are you doing out?

T.D.
Pittsfield, Massachusetts

Pig:

Everyone understands why most of the Jewish women are Lesbians. There are no men in The Jewish Race. Their women say so and *you* prove it.

B.W.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dear Dr. Levy,

The Clinic where I am a nurse is quiet right now, but I promised myself that before this day ended I would write and let you know that there are many people who are thinking of you in a kindly way during this very serious time. Although your imprisonment means the loss of valuable medical skill, you are benefiting mankind far more than if you had remained silent.

Miss R.H.
East Chatham, New York

Traitor Levy,

Time is the best medicine. Three years in prison will cure you.

H.D.
Jamestown, Virginia

Dear Captain Levy:

Handcuffed with you in spirit.

A Friend
San Francisco, California

Hi Pinko:

It is with great disgust that I read where a jew gets the kind of publicity that you are getting. You may be a non conformist to yourself but to all patriotic Americans you are a no good treasonable rat & I have no doubts but that you will get the limit allowed by military law. What you should get is the firing squad.

By the way, did you get the fancy Brett middle name because your mother read "Gone With The Wind".

Happy Jail days

Anonymous
Jacksonville, Florida

Dear Dr. Levy,

I have been an officer in the Air Force Medical Service Corps since 1962. I wish I had your guts to stand up and be counted.

Capt. L.V.B.
Omaha, Nebraska

Dear Howard,

The American Jew is repeating the fundamental errors that the German Jews committed...and that tragic error was that they were Germans first and Jews second. The American Jewish Tragedy, as I see it, is that the brilliant, articulate, committed Jewish intellectuals are squandering their energies on peripheral issues instead of asking, "Is my effort of value to the Jews?"

Howard, I admire your idealism but, dammit, you, as so many other American Jews, have detoured your activism to a useless cause.

J.F.
Great Neck, New York

My Dear Sir

In time, you will be vindicated. "We," said Eichmann, "only provided the trucks."

T.D.
Mobile, Alabama

Levy:

It's Jews like you that makes us being hated all over the world. You and the likes of you are responsible for the Nassers and the Hitlers. Instead of making trouble in this country, you should consider the rest of us Jews and keep your damn mouth shut.

L.F.
San Antonio, Texas

To the Parents of Dr. Howard Levy:

Please know that decent people throughout the world have noted with deep sorrow the crucifixion of your son.

Long after the sick, ignorant creatures who inflicted this heinous deed are forgotten, your son will be revered by compassionate people throughout the world.

God bless you and bring peace to your hearts.

A Fellow Human
Davenport, Iowa

Dear Sir,

For over 5,000 years our people have suffered for the likes of traitors like you. In the coming Jewish New Year I shall pray that God will punish you as you rightfully deserve for giving food to the Nazis, John Birchers, Minute Men, etc.

I am a veteran of two World Wars (member of the Jewish War Veterans) and proud that I enlisted to serve the beloved country that gave haven to my parents. You should have your head examined, you Benedict Arnold.

M.C.
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Dr. Levy,

In isolating you, your captors have adopted the tactic used against Galileo. But rest easy: there is no pillow so soft as a clear conscience.

J.W.W.
Los Angeles, California

Sir.

In my 30 years active service as a Chief Petty Officer (voluntary, paid "professional killer") I have seen many a gross injustice committed by the military against both officer and enlisted man. But never in my entire career have I seen so absurd, so gross, so revolting, so malevolent, and so patently evil an injustice as The Court Martial Trial of Captain Howard B. Levy, conducted while the nation is no DECLARED war.

I simply cannot imagine that you, gentle, humanitarian Captain Levy, physician, pose a clear and present danger to the United States Army. Indeed, what you have really exposed, apart from rampant racism, is an army so insecure, so lacking in self-esteem and efficacy, so patently zonked by its impotence in Vietnam that, were China or Russia (whose armies are afflicted by the same malaise) to sense this, they could march into Vietnam and demoralize this whole misbegotten misadventure of U$ Dollar Imperialis

As evidence, we have the grotesque, humiliating spectacle of the world's most powerful armed force, of the mightiest nation ever raised on earth, for over 2 years displaying before the world its chronic impotency, its inability to subdue or conquer the ragged, half-starved army of the ravaged, pitiful, poverty-stricken nation of VIETNAM.

An explanation for our defeat is written in the history of the American Revolution. The then most powerful nation on earth (England) was impotent against the starving, ragged Army of Valley Forge because we--they knew what we were fighting for.

Our army today may be well-disciplined, but it is helpless before an army of inspired fighters. Men fighting for freedom are invincible.

In crucifying you, the Army has given you exalted stature, adding luster to your name, honor to your profession, glory to your ethnic origin, and moral strength to your nation. I salute you, CAPTAIN COURAGEOUS.

J. Scott Free
(Pen name of J.J.O.)
Naugatuck, Connecticut

One day when I was considerably younger than I am now my mother produced me up the stairs to her bedroom where she slept on and off with my father. On her face was the Old Testament look that, from experience, I had come to recognize as a storm warning. "Mrs. Powell," she began naming a white-haired neighbor who raised radishes, "heard you say a certain word."

What word was that?" I asked.

You know perfectly well what word," my mother replied. And that was true. I did. It was also true that I had no idea what the word signified or understood much of anything else about it. Gordon Brazen, a friend who grew up under a name other than the one I have here assigned him, introduced it to me in Mrs. Powell's garden. We were stealing her radishes. Gordon turned to me and uttered a word that I had never heard before. Actually, he uttered two words. "Fuck you."

I identified this sibilant as a command, although the imperative rang no semantic bells. Just what action was he suggesting that I take? I did not know then, and I do not know now, even though the passage of 30 years has enriched my cultural understanding of that massive four-letter transitive verb. At the time I sensed only that Gordon's proposition was essentially jocular, and that if he ever repeated it to his father, who had a very short fuse, he would probably get his mouth washed out with soap. A response seemed indicated, but my formal education, which was then in the sun-baked vacuum between fourth and fifth grade, furnished no clue. So I took the easy way out, one that I have retraveled many times since. I replied, "Fuck you, too."

My comment was accepted with impassive satisfaction; apparently I had said the right thing. And for the next few minutes, Gordon and I improvised a dialogue that gave star billing to the new word. No one recorded it, unless Mrs. Powell did, but as I remember it went something like this:

Gordon: Okay. Fuck you back.

I: What does fuck mean?

Gordon: I don't know. It's a dirty word, I think.

I: Like what?

Gordon: I don't know. Like—well, like shit.

I: Shit you.

Gordon: Shit you back.

I: Eat fuck, you.

Gordon: I'm sick of radishes. Let's go.

The whole exchange conveyed so little meaning to me that, on climbing the stairs ahead of mother, I felt sure that she was about to arraign me on quite a different rap. After part-ing company with Gordon that particular afternoon, I had spent the better part of a quarter-hour, with my older brother Alfred, examining the sexual equipment of our twin sisters, who were seven at the time, and proved to be dull, ice-it-ous sport, none of us showed any inclination to do it again. But my sisters were notorious tattlers. They told mother everything. And I suspected that Alfred and I had not heard the last of the incident.

So it was with an agreeable shock of relief, the same perhaps that a murderer feels when his sentence is commuted to rape, that I learned the true nature of my offense. In mother's singularly broad book, profanity was not a capital crime. I resolved, as usual, to plead guilty and throw myself on the mercy of the court, which was already inclined.

I said a bad word," I confessed.

It was a very bad word," agreed my mother. "Nice people don't use it." Then followed a sermon on the manifold transgressions of vulgarity, the sorrows it brings to parents, the great anguish thereby suffered by mothers, the urgent need to reform, etc. I tuned out automatically, having undergone the sermon's pointless variations before, and when mother was finally exhausted, I set about embossing the word, in Second-Coming type, on my brain. If two female grown-ups could work up such a lather about it, it was obviously of genuine value to small boys, one of those forbidden lexicographical treasures that are stubbornly suppressed by the taste-setters of every generation but that nevertheless stubbornly survive. I decided then and there, as mother gently massaged my shame with a yardstick, that I would henceforth embellish my social discourse with this remarkable find.

But as anyone knows who has ever tried to do the same, it can be a vexing business. To begin with, the word *fuck* does not always mean what it should mean; the possibilities for misinterpretation are endless. Dictionaries are not helpful. Most of them ignore the word entirely, and the few that list it tend to be coy. "To cheat, trick, take advantage of, deceive, or treat someone unfairly," begins the definition of *fuck* in the *Dictionary of American Slang* (Supplemented Edition, 1967), and it ends, some 230 words later, without once mentioning the *fuck*'s fundamental linguistic function, which is putting it as chastely as possible to conjoin the fucker and the fuckee.

To make up for this bashful omission, the *Dictionary of American Slang* includes a few other conversational possibilities, such as "*a duck*" ("an expression of surprise, disbelief, dismissal, or rejection"), *fuck off* ("to cease to work, or think seriously, or stop nagging, or the like"), and *fuck up* ("to waste time"). They all seemed somewhat less useful to me than the words I found surrounding the definitions, for instance, of *fluff* ("A reply to any unwelcome statement. Oh, willy-nilly and fiddle-faddle, fluff it") and *furp* ("to escort a girl on a date") (again without saying that the opportunities for fluffing or even *fluff*, vastly outnumber the opportunities for furping).

The reticence of the dictionaries probably accounts for the fact that most people don't know how to use *fuck* properly. I discovered this in the army, among other places. My first sergeant, a brutish Texan who won a quarter from every pot in pay-day poker games, would have been incapable of such a locution as "misuse of the word." "All right, you fuckers," he would bark at Reveille, "get your fucking asses out of them fucking bunks and fuck off to the fucking company street for fucking roll call." From the waters of Long Lake, where we sometimes spent a Sunday, his book extracted nothing but copulating trout. Or so he said anyway. "Look, hey, I got me another fucking fish." His lips lent the word both poetic and sentimental value. "What are you doing, Sarge?" "Writing a fucking letter to my fucking mother." "Where are you going, Sarge?" "Out to see that fucking sunset."*

The Sarge was one of several thousand soldiers, some of them WAVEs, WACs, and even nuns, I might add, who punctuated my military career with indecent proposals. Fuck you, they all said in various ways, for various stated reasons that was not what they meant, of course. But it was after all what they said, and it is a common example of the dangers that await the unwary

---

* The Sarge's use of *fuck* as an intransitive verb is a relatively recent development. The earliest example of it in the *Oxford English Dictionary* is dated 1929. The *O.E.D.* also lists a transitive use of *fuck* as a verb meaning "to copulate with," but it is dated 1598, and the example is from a Scottish poem. The *O.E.D.* does not list the noun *fuck* as a term for sexual intercourse, but it is dated 1503, and the example is from a Scottish poem.

...pression is invariably addressed by a man ... to a girl ... as I have been ... I ... Fuck 'em all but six and save the rest for theaters.' What six? Why six? Why pu...

...here may be exceptions ... but I haven't met any. When I was ... I knew all about the Phi Gam ... has been ... for the most ... swollen ... Saturday nights are fondly accosted ... passing by. "Let's fuck." Every ... the country boasts this outspoken ... whose existence is doubted ... I ... high, not all the ... pedestrian ... courtship but one always did and ... was ... I ... with the ... him at the ... but he never showed up. A ... of girls did, though I forget now what ap... to ... but it ... wasn't his. My ... average was now.

If that Phi Gam existed, one could conven... fuck's ... It is a pariah word, creating instant an... approach ... where ... heard ... wrong cultural context. Whispered by a man ... I ... and reduces the ears of a pure ... woman across two acres of ... cattle ... at a cocktail party, which is the same thing.

The *Dictionary of American Slang* ... fuck as "taboo." The British etymologist Eric Partridge cannot bear to print it. In his book *Unconventional English* it appears as "f**k," suggesting ... that ... unacceptability is concentrated in the missing vowel. Presumably fuck could enter the ... if ... were spelled *fuck*.

Not many one-syllable words can claim as ... ancestry as ... fuck's. It ... down to us from the classic Greek *prēthein*, which means fuck; the Latin *futuere* (also "fuck") and the German *ficken* (to fuck). ...

...strike but Germ... Words ... Make ... ...made to ... ...

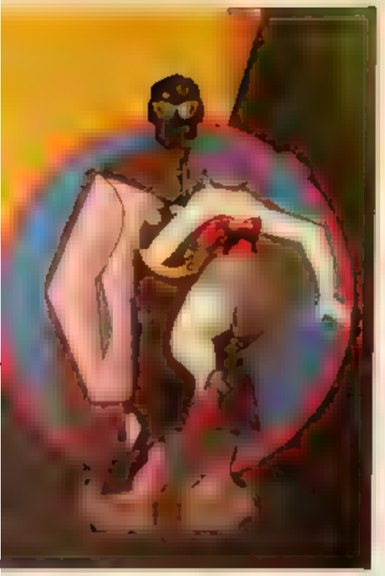
TELEPHONE
ARRY A. DRIX, M. E. A.

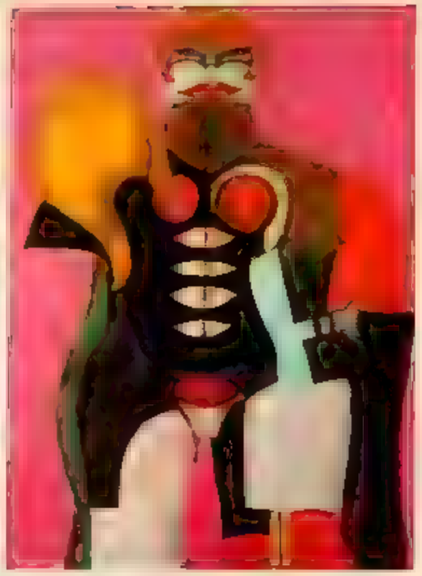
MOON OVER A PARK
REY PARKER BENEN

DISNEY ART COURTESY
MICHAN DALE, LEATHER ART

EXPERIMENTAL
ARRY A. DRIX MUSEUM

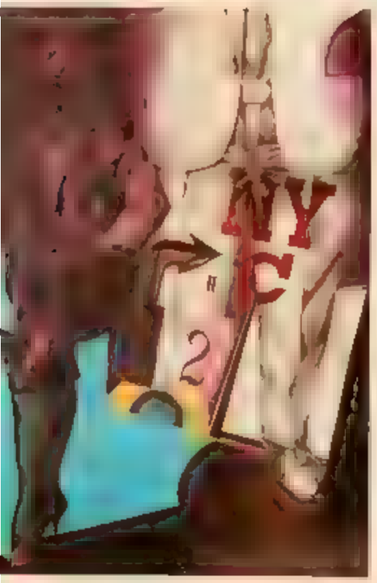
119

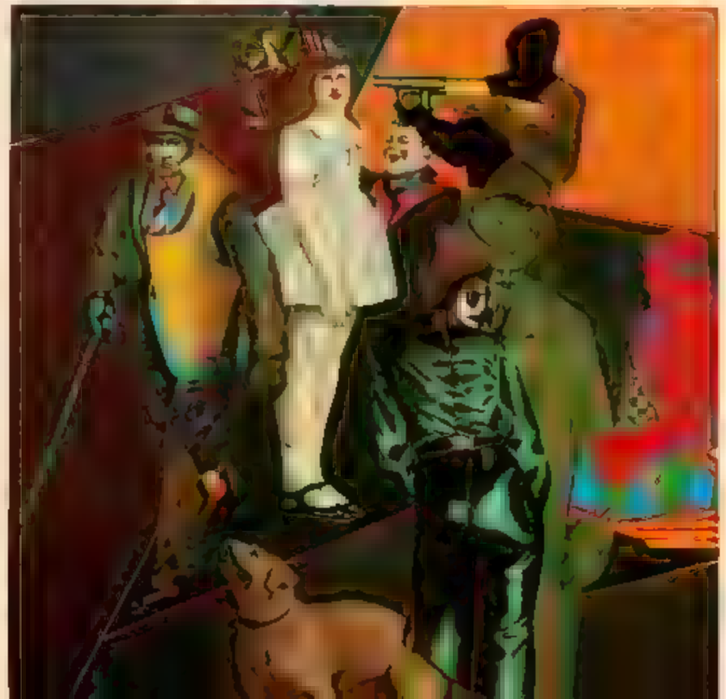




ONE SLAIN / BORDER & EKSTROM GALLERY

ANGEL NAME / BARBARA ARBERG COLLECTION





THE SLAUGHTER OF VIETNAMESE CIVILIANS FOR SPORT BY U.S. HELICOPTER PILOTS

BY FIRST LIEUTENANT
THOMAS F. LOFLIN III,
U.S. ARMY RESERVE

The most chilling experience of the months I spent at war in Vietnam did not stem from enemy mortars or hand grenades, but from a simple conversation I had with an American helicopter pilot in the shower of an officers' latrine at Pleiku. It took place one night in October 1966. I was standing under an icy spigot when in walked a warrant officer returning from a chopper mission. He was grimy and grizzled because the monsoons had ended and the choppers were able to lift off from Camp Holloway for missions in the central highlands every day. He stripped and climbed under the shower next to mine as we were the only two in the concrete-protected latrine, we naturally struck up a conversation.

He began bragging about some of his recent missions. I listened with appropriate [illegible] the [illegible] exploits and [illegible] few [illegible] he said [illegible] than any experience in my [illegible]

You know some gook that work[illegible] here swiped my new watch [illegible] I've figured out that the watch is worth the life of ten of those damned slopes. So every time go up I'm going to be looking for some good. Got me three today. Saw the [illegible] low fixing some kind of [illegible] down and zapped them.

His boast about [illegible] civilians left me speechless. We finished showering in silence.

The next time I saw the helicopter pilot may have been about [illegible] thing. A Vietnamese could easily have stolen the watch. Several hundred worked at Camp Holloway [illegible] selected [illegible] these tasks. For the equivalent of 96 cents a day or 12 cents each, eight GIs who chipped in together could hire a Vietnamese woman and sometimes a man to wash their clothes and shine their boots. Many Americans [illegible] Sir" and "Mamasan."

I [illegible] Camp Holloway [illegible] when I met the warrant officer. His bragging was [illegible] example of how the Vietnam War has stripped the average American soldier, no matter how well-bred and well-mannered he was before, of all human feelings.

Now, several years later, I am studying law under a Morehead Fellowship at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, a long way from the combat zone. I sometimes wonder what the U.S. Army gave me the chance to meet the warrant officer. Before I crossed the Pacific, I could not have taken a true perspective on the most important and disturbing question facing the United States today: Vietnam.

When I first came in contact with helicopter pilots I had been adjutant of the 85th Supply and Service Battalion at Camp Holloway. Although the officers and warrant officers who flew the choppers were a clannish group, they drank beer and ate meals in the same place as supply officers, and contact between the two groups was unavoidable. [illegible] found that the warrant officer with whom I had talked in the

showers wasn't the only pilot with twisted hatred of Vietnamese. During the five months I spent at Camp Holloway, I heard helicopter pilots on several other occasions openly brag about murdering innocent people.

I remember one in particular. He was a big blond first lieutenant of about my age, 24. I was eating supper at one of the long tables in the officers' mess when he sat down with a couple of his fellow flyers. An American civilian, who said he was an engineer working for a construction company, was also in the group.

As is usual in the military, the pilots were soon talking shop. The big blond officer, in a bathing suit he would have been the perfect specimen of a beach-studded body, began explaining how he had knocked out a Vietnamese farm with leftover rockets on the way back from a combat mission. "You should've seen those godamned slopes running around down there before everything went up in flames!" he said with a slight laugh. But for all his bravado, the big fellow appeared to be nervous, almost as if he knew he had done something wrong. Perhaps he was bragging loudly to cover up his shame.

The civilian engineer proudly announced he had been a passenger on the pilot's helicopter. "He let me fire at them on the last pass! Man, I was right on target, too!" the engineer said excitedly.

"You mean you were firing at civilians?" I asked.

"Why not? They were probably Charlies. Anyway, we're going to have to kill every gook in the damn country before this is over," was the engineer's reply.

I left the table. I couldn't finish eating.

There is an explanation, though not a justification, for the murders by the pilots. They kill because they are bitter about having to fight in Vietnam and are frustrated since their efforts over there seem to be for nothing.

Day after day, month after month, pilots risk their lives more than most soldiers. When a pilot finishes his year in Vietnam, he is usually flying over the same guerrilla-infested areas that he flew over when he began. He is afraid, even as he leaves, that in a year or two he'll be back, flying over those same battlefields. His only real progress is gauged by the count of those he kills.

All who fly helicopters must be officers or warrant officers. During my tour in Vietnam, I found the officer corps much more discouraged and embittered over the war than the enlisted man. The Army does a fine job of brainwashing GIs into believing that they are battling Communism in the rice paddies and jungles of Vietnam now so they won't have to fight Chinese later in Mom's backyard. Every soldier who goes over is thoroughly exposed to the Army's answer to the question "Why Vietnam?"

Officers, on the other hand, aren't hampered with Army propaganda. Many of them wonder, just as people here at home do, what their country is accomplishing in the war. The young noncareer officers in whose group I circulated became convinced after a few months in Vietnam, as I was, that the United States is mixing in a civil war.

Senior career officers, of course, don't often talk about Vietnam outside their own circles. They can't afford to, because expressing doubt of their country's policy in public would lead to ruin. Once in a while, however, their frustration with the war breaks into the open. I witnessed one such breakthrough while sitting in a restaurant at Tan-Son-Nhut Airport, near Saigon, waiting for the flight that brought me back to the United States last December for release from active duty. At one table sat a captain, in dress uniform, who was getting a farewell party from a lieutenant colonel, a major, and a WAC major, dressed in fatigues. All were drinking a good deal of beer and getting quite happy about the captain's good fortune in going home. Suddenly they burst into sarcastic song to the Sunday School tune of "Yes, Jesus Loves Me":

In the highlands it is rough
In the delta it is tough
Yes, we are winning
Yes, we are winning
Yes, we are winning
Westmoreland tells us so

One veteran logistical commander (with 28 years in the Army, many of them in the Pentagon) shocked a group of supply officers, of which I was part, in Pleiku last fall when he prefaced a briefing with these words:

"When I leave this job, I'll leave here with one thought in mind. The U.S. Army should contract its logistical support. When I arrived here three months ago, I thought, 'Oh, no, you've got to have warriors doing the job.' But now my opinion has completely changed. I can see that the Army can't do the job of supporting itself. It doesn't have the guys with the moxie, the pros who know their jobs and products."

The lieutenant colonel who made the statement was upset because poor supply-handling techniques by the Army in Vietnam resulted in the waste of tons of food. I saw thousands of pounds of food burned at the Pleiku ration supply point alone—every month—due to spoilage, while nearby throngs of Vietnamese went hungry.

Of all the Americans I met or observed in Vietnam, I can remember but one who sincerely demonstrated true human compassion for the people and their plight. He was a Negro sergeant in my battalion. While on duty he went coolly and efficiently about his job of coordinating the supplying of ammunition to combat units. Outwardly, he could be as tough a sergeant as there is in the Army. But he adopted two little boys orphaned by the war and with his own hands built a shelter for them inside the protection of Camp Holloway. He fed them with leftovers from the mess hall, bought their clothes from his salary, and insisted that they attend a local school. He took the place of the boys' father, who was perhaps murdered by a bitter American.

The brutality of the Vietnam War does bring out the humanity of some individual Americans such as the Negro sergeant. However, the greatest argument that I know against continuing American involvement in the war is that more often the opposite is true. I saw too many fellow Americans in Vietnam so twisted in their minds that barbarism became something for them to boast about.

Since I have returned to civilian life, I have been watching with growing concern the apparent willingness of the Johnson administration to bomb civilians in North Vietnam. I can't help wondering if the administration's disregard for the civilians in the North comes from the same insane feelings of frustration and bitterness as those of the helicopter pilots in Pleiku.

But what worries me most of all is a fear that the barbaric attitude of some of the pilots and of official Washington may be absorbed into the mass of the American people. If that happens, the Vietnam War could turn this country into another Nazi Germany.

An obscenity bust in—would you believe?—India

AN OUTRAGED YOUNG POET DESCRIBES HIS ARREST AND TRIAL IN THE LAND OF THE KAMA SUTRA, ANANGA RANGA, AND SHIVALINGA

BY MALAY ROY CHOUDHURY

Two men with thick coatings of fat beneath their greasy brown skins walked into the bank where I worked as a clerk in the town of Patna, 250 miles from Calcutta. The date was September 4, 1964. They identified themselves as police and placed me under arrest.

Arrest! I was stunned. Within a flash I tried to think of all the days, hours, minutes of my life when I might have done something illegal, but could think of none. One of the policemen grabbed me by the shirt and rushed me off to the police station.

The policemen waiting in the station had an orgy upon my arrival. I was a new sort of quarry. I heard buzzings of such remarks as "This is an international racket," "He is an American spy," "Man, he must have become rich, sex is a profitable business." "How could a man like him be born in such a great tradition as ours?" I sat in a vermin-infested chair and waited for my lynching. At last I was told the reason for my arrest: It was obscenity. The Director of Public Prosecution in Calcutta had declared my poem ['Prachanda Badyotik Chhatar" ("A Dark Electric Jesus"], contained in *The Hungry Generation Anthology*, to be obscene.

I was now pulled up by the collar and shoved to a corner of the room where three sub-inspectors attempted to terrorize me. In the eyes I could see the hatred that police of every nation have for their intelligentsia. I thought I might have to fight. But then they sat down in chairs and brayed such questions as these through sprays of spit: "Is your market international?" "Which foreign government is paying you?" "Who are your agents?" "In which bank do you maintain your account?" "Where is your underground printing press?" "What sort of relation do you have with the Americans who visit you often?" "Why are you trying to destroy India's moral fiber?"

After a while, the triangular posse called a squad of 11 constables, all armed with clubs, and escorted me to my residence. An inquisitive crowd accompanied this fantastic procession that I seemed to be leading. The crowd enlarged on the way and became uncontrollable, jamming traffic all the way to my residence.

The house I live in was cordoned off by the constables. My father, who operates a photographic shop on the ground floor, was immediately panicked, for he was well aware of the affairs of the inspection and the social repercussions of any police inquiry. One of the inspectors closed down the shop, while the others marched me upstairs, pinioning me by the arms. They then went through each room of the house, throwing my belongings about at random.

The inspector in charge picked up *The Hungry Generation Anthology*, which contained my poem "Prachanda Badyotik Chhatar," and started charting a search list. He saw a copy of *City Lights Journal #1* and asked if Allen Ginsberg was that chief CIA spy who had recently toured India in disguise. He also asked whether the fellow in the photograph hanging on the wall was related to the international pornographic business. The photograph was of the poet Rimbaud. My father told this to the inspectors, who felt insulted and started rebuking him. Unable to stand such taunts, my father, who was suffering from pleurisy, retired to the next room.

A number of my possessions were seized, including manuscripts, poems, letters, a copy of *Evergreen Review*, a Corona typewriter, and copies of a book of poems entitled *Jangar* by my friend Samir Roy Choudhury, who is one of India's best-known poets; and I was marched back to the police station.

There I was immediately thrown into the lockup. I had wanted to phone the city's literary society to arrange sermons in my favor, but was debarred.

My cellmates included a thief, a cutthroat, drunkard, black marketeer, and burglar. These inhabitants were astonished that I was among them and gave me a warm reception. I was offered *biri* and *paan*, which must have been smuggled in with great pain. I was unanimously given the only dry patch on the floor, where I sat. My roommates asked about the crime I had committed. I couldn't explain. They had never heard of poetry. They figured I was an anti-government writer. I, in turn, discussed their crimes. I wanted to talk to somebody, anybody.

The night began. There was no light inside the lockup. I felt terrified and alone. The room smelled heavily of urine, as we had no other arrangement than to piss onto a drenched rag in a corner. The drunkard was unconscious and was lying near the pisshole, where he had been dragged to dam the flow of urine. He was vomiting into the mess. The thief was weeping. The black marketeer was sighing irregularly. A large rat came from somewhere to fetch a few crumbs at my feet.

Outside two sentries stood guard beneath a single dim bulb which was swarming with bugs. To get rid of these the guards put out the light, which sent the insects scurrying in our cell, attracted by a ray of light from the moon shining on the wet floor. I asked the guards to switch the light on, but they ignored me.

I sat up the whole night brooding. Finally the dawn came. I told a sentry that I wanted to go to the lavatory. He unlocked the door, opened it slightly, and pulled me out, grabbing my arm and tying a thick rope around my hips. He also handcuffed me. Holding the rope, he ordered me to move on. I crossed a

compound of dew-drenched grass, which felt welcome to my bare feet. On the way to the lavatory, I managed to get a drink of water, but never once did the guard release his grip on the rope.

Back in the lockup, a man entered with a bucket. He threw some water on the floor, and went away. This caused the urine to flow once more all over the room, and the smell was terrible. We stood up and remained standing for two hours, as we waited for the floor to dry.

About 11 a.m., a man entered with a metal plate on which a lump of rice, a piece of lemon, an ounce of pulses, a curry, and a few pieces of onion were heaped. The rice was full of gravel, but I ate like a glutton.

I was then taken out of the lockup handcuffed to my roomates. My father found me in this novel position. He said he had consulted Basanta Banerjee, the city's famous lawyer, who would plead for my release on bail. He gave me a few local newspapers which carried headlines regarding my arrest. "This is our India, you see. For whose freedom I fought," he said, his voice choked with emotion.

My fellow prisoners and I were taken to the local court, about half a mile from the police station. We moved toward the destination on foot with seven escorting constables. It must have been an interesting sight, for I saw a gossiping crowd accompanying us. A few reporters started interviewing.

At the court we were taken to the corner of a corridor which was filled with hundreds of handcuffed and roped persons. My mates suddenly sat down, which forced me to sit down, too, as the pull on my handcuffs cut a line of blood on my wrist.

My name was called after an hour, and I was released on bail of 5000 Rupees on condition that I surrender to the Court of Chief Presidency Magistrate in Calcutta. I was greeted outside the court by a mob of poets, writers, and artists. Also I was informed that I had lost my job at the bank.

I was born into a conservative Bengali Brahmin family on November 2, 1939. My father sent me to a Christian mission-ary school and then a Brahmo Samaj seminary. I graduated from Bihar national college and, in 1960, completed my post-graduate education. I came out of the university realizing that everything I had been taught was false from the very foundation. My first solemn duty was to burn my certificates and degrees. I started having clashes with my parents, left home and hitchhiked to Calcutta. There I slept on footpaths and railroad platforms, in parks and brothels, and met people from every walk of life. I saw the chaos, the horror, the absurdity, the hunger and the void. I read *tantric* literature, Artaud, Apollinaire, Blake, Jibanananda Das, Lautreamont, Nietzsche and others, and my soul ached. I began to keep a journal, and into it flowed the bleeding muscles of my soul.

I saved a few dimes and together with two other poets, brought out a few broadsides on poetry. Calcutta was in an uproar over them. The literati devoured them. Gradually, the circle of which I was a part—known as "The Hungry Generation"—became a large group of unconventional poets and writers with such dissonant voices as Subo Acharya, Pradip Chowdhuri, Tridib Mitra, Tapan Das, Basudev Das-Gupta, and many others. My first book of verse, a corrosive collection of black poems entitled *Shayaner Mukh*, came out during this time, but was immediately suppressed and disowned by its publisher. It was at this time that Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky came to Calcutta, and we became inseparable mates and physical friends. Because of the notoriety of my book, I could not get a job, and I soon ran out of money. I was forced to leave Calcutta and return to Patna where I got a job in a bank.

Allen Ginsberg came to Patna in April, 1962. He had become completely Indian by then, with a *kurta* on, and with his hair and beard grown long like a *sadhu*. My father first took him to be a Punjabi photographer, but when I introduced him to Allen, he was deeply moved. I gave Allen my room and my bed. I now saw him as a member of my family. I was surprised to find out that all rumors about Allen were wrong and obviously fabricated by newsmen. Allen Ginsberg is a great poet with a great heart. He is neither a monster nor a showman, and I would compare him with the great poet saints of ancient India.

Allen had arrived at Patna from Varanasi after visiting Rajgir and Bodhgaya,

Peter had stayed at Varanasi where he was learning to play *Sarod*. In Varanasi they had hired the topmost floor of a congested building on the banks of the river Ganges, and it had become a center for healing lepers, feeding beggars smoking *ganja*, *charas* and *chandu*, for drinking *bhang*, singing *Ramanam* and chanting *Hare Krishna*. Peter had a thick notebook and everywhere he would sit and scribble sketches in it.

At Patna, Allen used to take off his clothes and apply vaseline all over his body to heal the sun-sores on his skin. In the morning, he would rush to his journal and write down dreams he had had during the night. One dream, I remember, was about William Burroughs and his technique. He also drew a sketch of him. His journal was full of poems and dreams and crooked zigzag lines. He gave me demonstrations of action painting with red and blue pencils. I used to take him to the Kali temple, to river banks, to museums, and such places. We sat one day for several hours between two outstretched legs of a statue of King George VI and talked of Rimbaud, Spengler, Bhamakhepa, Indian administration, politics, Charlie Chaplin, Tibet, and India's police (who took him for a U.S. spy). Once he remarked that it was mental and not corruption alone that was eating at the roots of present-day India. I didn't like *ganja*, so we smoked *mangsri* (flower-spike of mango) and took LSD, which he used to carry with him.

Allen didn't behave like a tourist. He lived like any Indian which the Indian government didn't like. So he was spied upon. One day a pickpocket emptied Allen's pocket which contained a small diary. It also contained his money. My father gave him a few bucks and I some which later he paid back. Perhaps because our custom was new to him, he enjoyed to piss on the road. He would take off his pajamas, wave his member ecstatically as he prayed, and ask me to join him.

Allen left Patna for Varanasi, on his way from India to Canada, where he had been invited by a university to deliver lectures. I felt alone when he left, quite friendless.

Thereafter I continued to write poems and publish them and soon found that I had become a leader of the Bengali avant-garde and famous. I did not welcome my local fame, and so I returned to Calcutta.

There, in June, 1964, I published *The Hungry Generation Anthology* and it exploded like a bombshell. Calcutta's League of Decency railed against it, and there were headlines. The fame and defamation, the rebukes and praises gradually became a bore for me. I was constantly being approached by students and I had no time to read or to write. I wanted to be left alone, and so I returned to Patna, renewed my job at the bank, drank *Mamukhi*, and spent the evenings with the great visionary author Phanishwar Nath Renu. Meanwhile the wheels of criminal prosecution were set in motion against me and eventually I was arrested.

* * *

I surrendered to the Chief Presidency Magistrate Court, Calcutta's Old Bailey, on September 16, 1964. Eighteen magistrates sit in this court, each hearing at least 30 cases per day. This allows only 15 to 20 minutes for each case, forcing many cases to be held over for future hearings. Indian courts are dens of malpractice and even the constable at the door squeezes the last dime out of you. On each of my assigned dates the clerks at the court would demand bribes of me. Lest they push my papers to the bottom of the pile, delaying my trial further. Many trials are delayed five, six, seven or even ten years, sucking the guts out of the accused. As it turned out, mine was to be delayed only 483 days.

My trial commenced early in June 1965. As the accused, I was placed in an iron cage off to a side of the courtroom. The magistrate, Mr. Amal Kumar Mitra, was a bespectacled man in his late thirties, heir to one of the high-income families of Calcutta. He was interested in the trial from the very beginning and wanted to behave like a literary critic, but the literary terms he uttered were from the 9th Century, hideously outdated.

The public prosecutor was Mr. Bir Kumar Banerjee. He opened the case by alleging that my poem "Prachanda Baidyutik Chhutar" was pornographic. He asked that I be severely punished because my poem had been circulated in Calcutta's coffeehouses, thereby inflaming the sexual passions of young men and women whose innocent minds had been depraved and corrupted by it. He then unleashed his pack of witnesses to attack me.

The Presidency Magistrate himself wrote the transcript, as is the rule. Every detail of the testimony is not recorded, and outsiders are not permitted to make transcripts during a session, so whatever I recall is from memory.

The first witness for the prosecution was a fantastic hunchback and professional police informer, who appeared on June 9, 1965 and declared that "Prachanda Baidyutik Chhutar" was the most obscene and vulgar poem he had read in his life. It had inflamed his passion, excited his mind, erected his sex, damaged his physique and had taken away his mental peace. When the defense cross-examined him, he said he didn't know the exact place of his body where the stirring took place, and that he gets his sex inflamed by reading *any* vulgar word.

On June 24, 1965, appeared two more prosecution witnesses: Shakti Chatterjee, Calcutta's renowned pop-song writer with whom I had once had a quarrel—he exploiting a great opportunity against me—and Pabitra Ballav, a young school teacher. Shakti Chatterjee testified against "Prachanda Baidyutik Chhutar" and against me because he didn't like poems that were vehement. They offended his aesthetic sense, he said. Earlier in his statement to the police, he had written that I was a pervert and should be legally condemned. He was very cautious and steered his testimony carefully. Pabitra Ballav, although nervous, stated that the poem was unreadable and explicitly vulgar. Then he suddenly became angry and declared that this wasn't a poem at all, that several words were repulsive and repugnant. He told the court with the now-proscribed *The Hungry Generation Anthology* in his hand, in utter priggishness, that he would never again read the poem, studded as it was with unutterable words, which had disrupted his mental peace and corrupted him on the very first reading.

On July 14, 1965, two more witnesses, Utpal Kumar Basu and Subhash Ghosh, were summoned by the prosecution. Now listen to Utpal Kumar Basu as a witness.

Prosecution: Mr. Basu, tell us your reaction to the poem "Prachanda Baidyutik Chhutar."

Basu: I'm reading it loudly, sir.

Court: We don't need you to recite. Read it to yourself, if you haven't before, and tell us your impression.

Basu: This is an experimental poem, visioned, written during a tense and excited moment of its author, generating nausea and disgust.

Court: Would you call it obscene?

Basu: I do not know what is meant by obscene.

Defense: Mr. Basu, would you please tell Your Honor whether the nausea and disgust was aimed at himself or the society or the reader.

Basu: We—the poem, revealing the identity crisis of its author, carries a sense of disgust of the poet himself and

Court: Read the poem once again carefully.

Basu: I've read it, sir. I can't explain whether the disgust was aimed at the society or at the poet himself.

Defense: Had the manager of a coffeehouse ever objected to the circulation of *The Hungry Generation Anthology* claiming it to be obscene or pornographic?

Basu: No. Never.

* * *

The defense evidence started on October 20, 1965. The first witness was Professor Satyajit Dutt, research fellow and teacher of applied psychology at the Indian Institute of Management, son of the great poet of the Thirties, A.J. Dutt. Professor Dutt's evidence went as follows:

Defense: Professor Dutt, would you please tell Your Honor as an expert in applied psychology, what effect the poem "Prachanda Baidyutik Chhutar" would have on a human mind?

Court: Would it inflame one's passion?

Dutt: A man, if he is not suffering from any complexes, would not be affected in the way you mean.

Court: Is it obscene?

Dutt: No, if obscenity means what you call inflaming the passion.

Court: Would it create any abnormal sensation in any mind?

Dutt: If the mind itself suffers from complexes and is not normal, then there might be any sort of effect, depending on the interpreting inclination of the person concerned.

Defense: Well, Professor Dutt, would it deprave and corrupt a mind?

Dutt: As I told you just now, it all depends on the person concerned. If it is already inclined to what you call depravity and corruption, it might be stimulated that way by anything on earth.

Prosecution: Professor Dutt, we'd like to know what effect it would have on the man in the street, on a common, normal mind? Would it be healthy?

Dutt: If he mind itself is not normal, in that case there might arise the question of health. But, as you are speaking of normal minds, no normal mind would be affected adversely.

On November 5, 1965, the defense presented Jyotirmoy Datta, Sunil Gangopadhyay, and Professor Tarun Sanyal, famous living poets and critics in Bengali. Jyotirmoy Datta was at that time an assistant editor of Calcutta's news daily *The Statesman*. Sunil Gangopadhyay, editor of a literary quarterly, had been to the U.S. invited to the Iowa Poetry Workshop by Paul Engle. Professor Tarun Sanyal is associated with several magazines as a critic and is admired in every literary gathering in West Bengal. All said that for any man to call my poem obscene would be an absurdity.

One after another, they testified, defending me with such statements as: "Prachanda Baidyutik Chhutar" is a beautiful and enviable experiment of a great poet." "The poem could never be called obscene, nor would it arouse any part of a lascivious sexual stirring." Tarun Sanyal affirmed that "Malay Roy Choudhury is an unequaled genius, and if there is anything called obscenity on earth, it is not in this great poem, but it is outside in our society itself."

Then followed this exchange:

Prosecution: Do you yourself write such poems?

Sanyal: No. Walt Whitman wrote in a style to which Malay Roy Choudhury is closer.

Prosecution: Who is he?

Sanyal: Walt Whitman is the greatest American poet of all times.

Prosecution: This court is not ready to tolerate any foreign poet. Ours is a different culture, far superior to that of the West.

* * *

In summation on November 12, 1965, my counsel, Satyen Banerjee, used the testimony of prosecution witnesses to prove our case: since the majority of them had said that my poem was not obscene. The prosecutor in his argument said that the testimony of our witnesses was worthless since higher courts had ruled that critics and writers are not qualified to judge obscenity. The prosecutor said that "Prachanda Baidyutik Chhutar" was written to deprave and corrupt innocent youth, was not literature at all and that I should be severely punished for a crime against the country and against humanity itself. He said that my poem was a threat to the stability of our civilized society, a dangerous blow to Indian culture, inflaming sexual passion and corrupting the sanctum of the brain. He wanted me severely punished so that nobody would ever again dare to write such things in mind.

At the beginning, I had a faint hope that I would win, even though my legal counselors had warned me that the Indian judiciary is most conservative. But as the trial wore on, I became aware that the magistrate was not sympathetic and was very puritanical. I was getting disheartened and felt very alone. There was nothing for me to do except to drink tea from clay glasses at a stall outside the court and wait for the verdict.

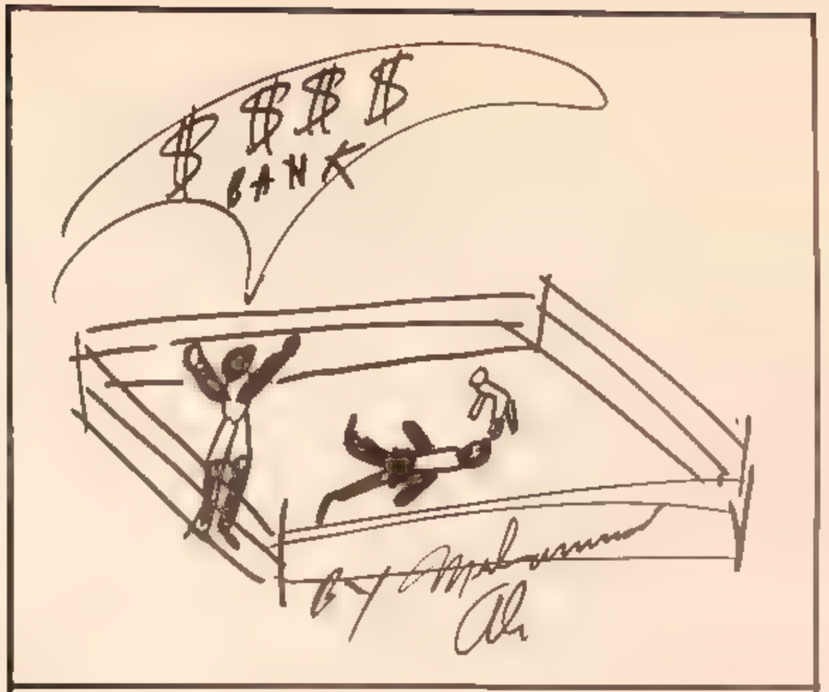
The Magistrate said he would give his verdict on December 28, 1965. On that date, he came into the court room with his little portfolio, told the clerk to announce my name, opened his bag, brought the judgment out, and looked at me standing in the iron cage. He was visibly angry as he began to read.

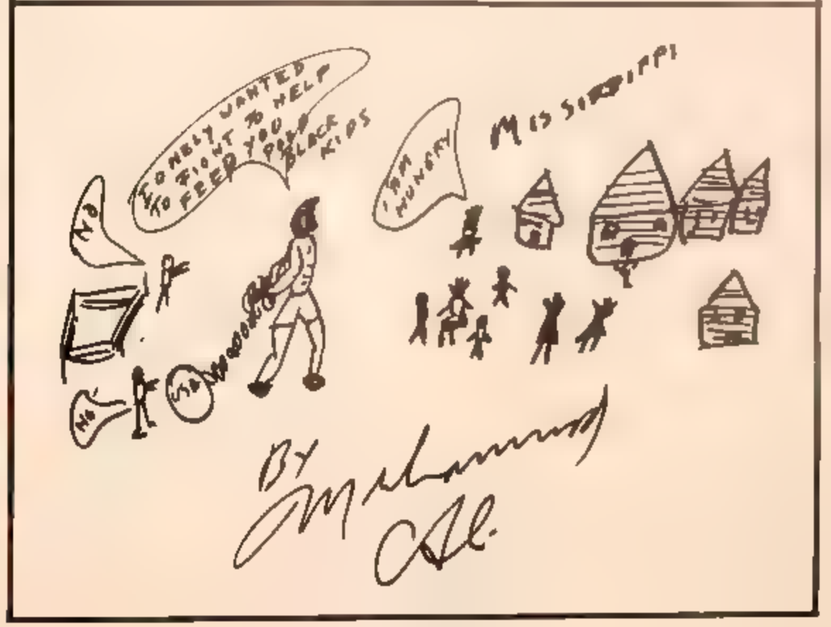
"Now the question of what is or is not obscene is an age old controversy and the task of distinguishing between what is artistic and what is obscene has been rendered none too easy by the fact that the Indian Penal Code does not define the word 'obscene.' But, happily, there have evolved through the ages certain norms which afford us valuable guides to the vexed question and, applying these norms to the offending poem it appears to be obscene *per se*. The poem starts with the impatience of a sensuous man for a woman and describes an uncontrollable urge for sexual intercourse. Then follows blaspheming of God, profaning of parents, and debasing of all that is noble and beautiful in human love and relationship. The poet engages in mercilessly obnoxious and revolting reportage of sexual vulgarity to a degree far exceeding customary and permissible limits of candor. It is patently offensive to what is called contemporary common standards. Its predominant appeal, considered as a whole, is to prurient interest. The average man, considering its dominant theme, would undoubtedly find it hard-core pornography. It possesses no social or artistic value or importance. As there is no redeeming social value, I must hold that the writing has failed to satisfy the come-hitherto test. It comes within the purview of Section 292 of the Indian Penal Code, and therefore has got to be stamped out. Accused is found guilty and shall be punished by a fine of 200 Rupees and one month's jail. His poem is not a thing but dirt for dirt's sake."

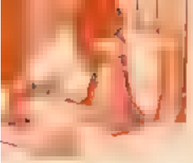
The conviction threw me into the gutters of Calcutta. No money, no job, no shelter, no sympathy. Today when I am recognized, I am taken to be a monster. Publishers will not even think of publishing my works. Editors get scared to leaf over my manuscripts. Booksellers are afraid to handle my books. I sleep on the footpaths, sometimes with an empty stomach.

Yet I remain a poet and I shall continue to write in whatever manner I please. I declare as I have declared against humanity those laws that banish "dirt for dirt's sake." This is a Victorian concept, not Hindu. I defend Dirt. We are born of Dirt and go down into the Earth as Dirt. Sweat is the Dirt of our skin. Poetry is the Dirt of our experience. Dreams are the Dirt of our brain. Tears are the Dirt of our eyes. Love is the Dirt of our heart. I will defend Dirt for Dirt's sake. To Dirt for Dirt's sake, I say "Yes!"

Drawings By
Muhammad
Ali

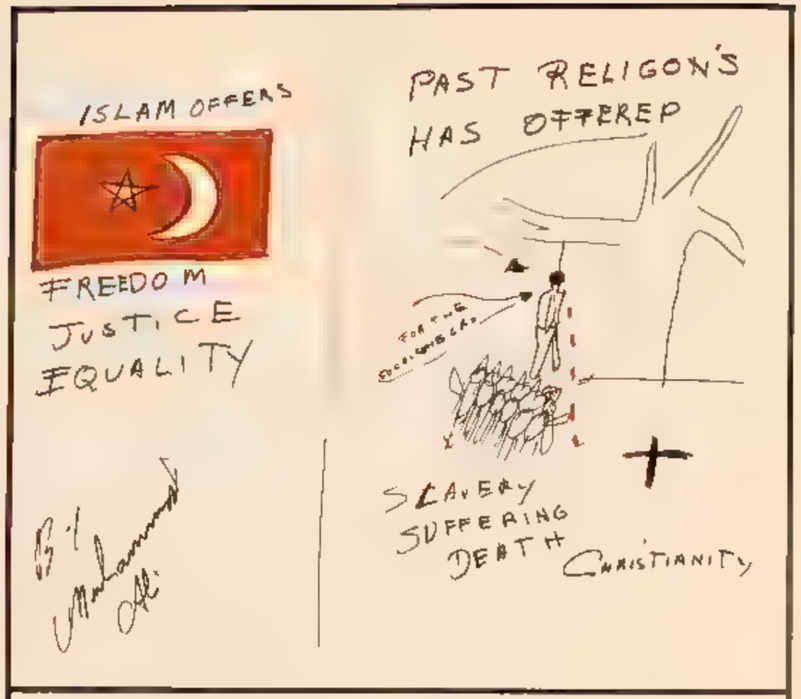


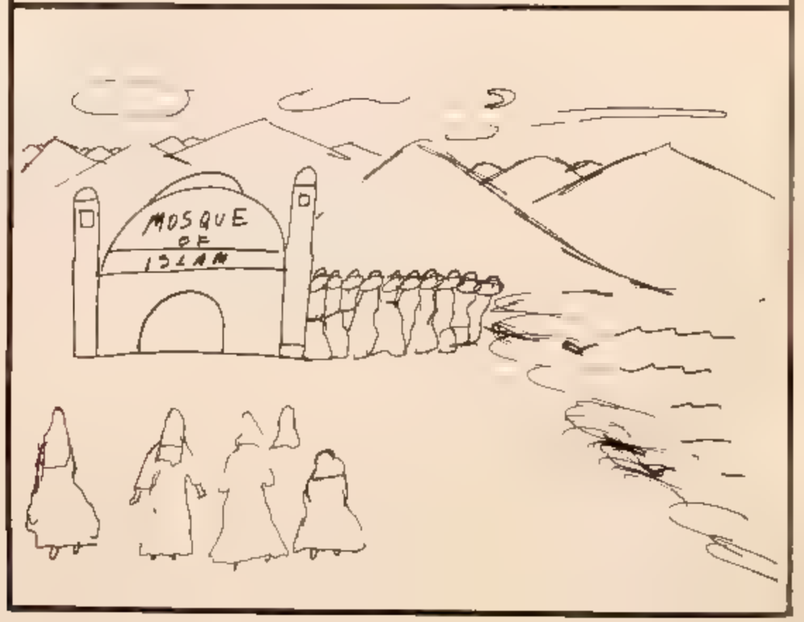


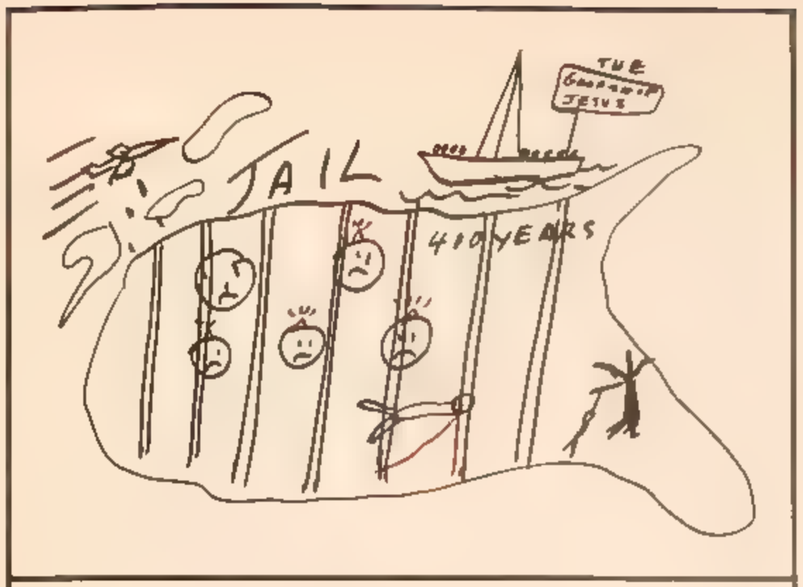


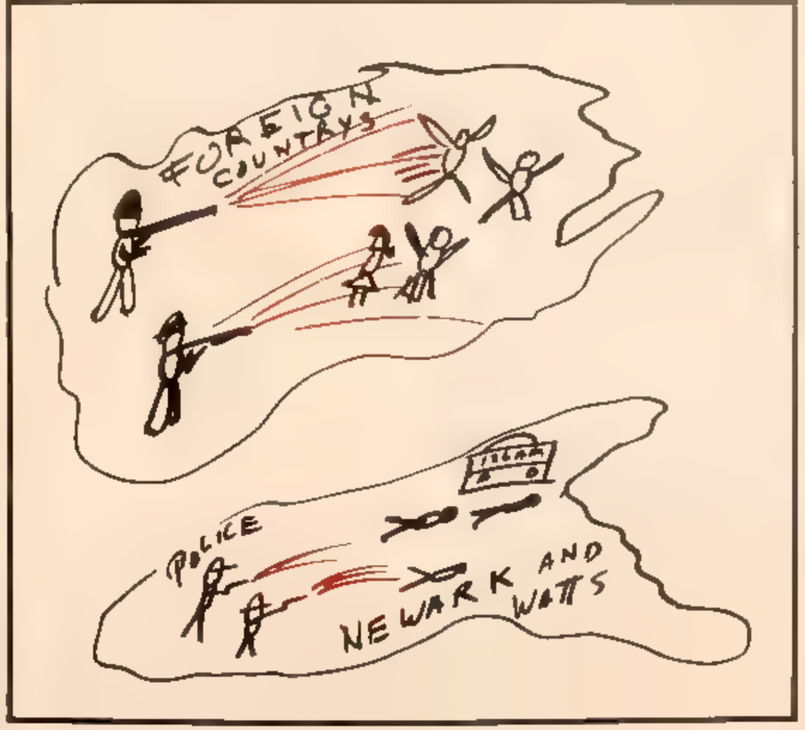
TOP RIGHT

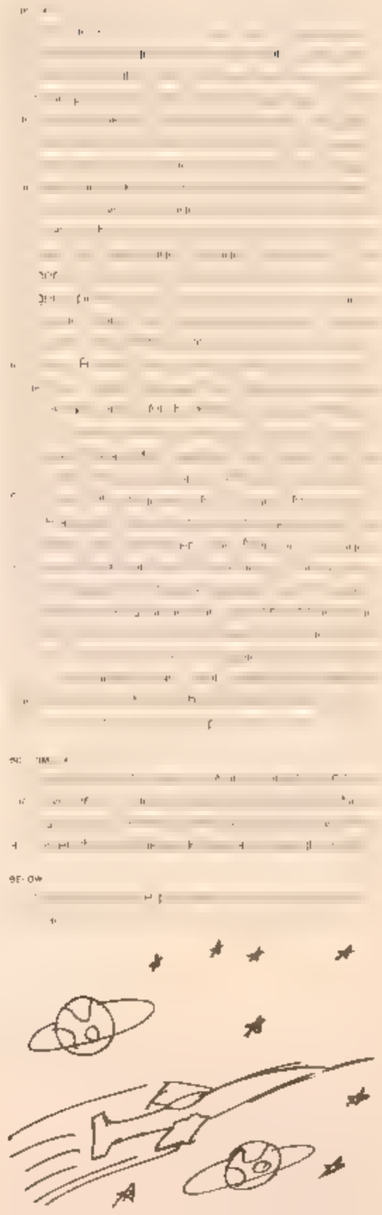
BOTTOM RIGHT

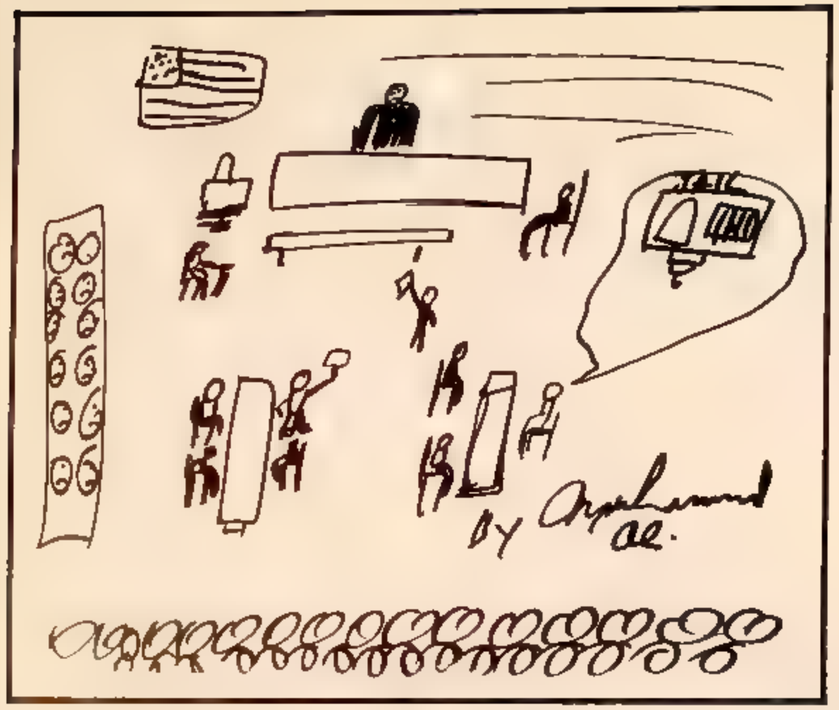






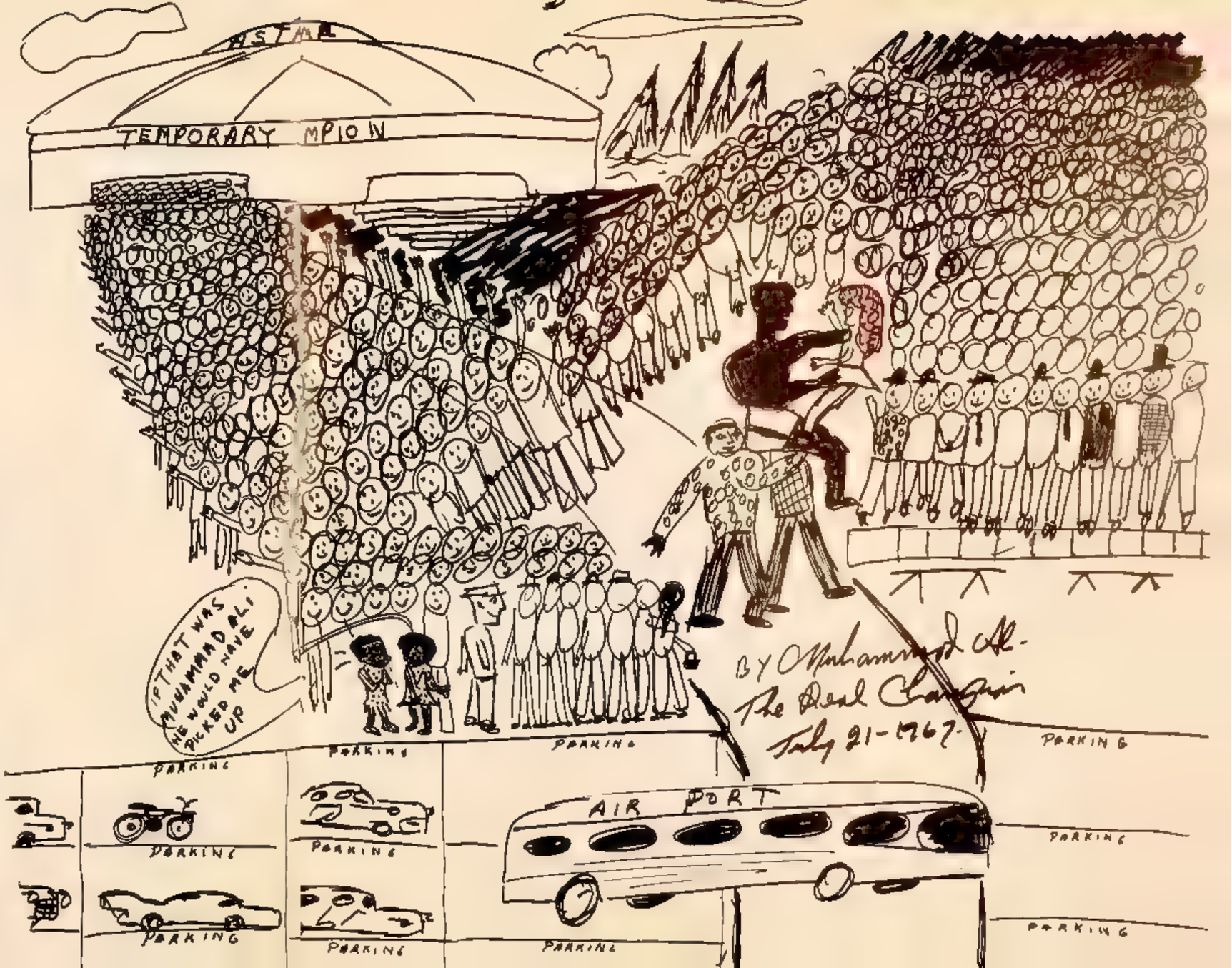






ABOVE

RIGHT


ASTMA
TEMPORARY MPIO N
IF THAT WAS MUHAMMAD ALI HE WOULD HAVE PICKED ME UP
By Muhammad Ali
The Real Champion
July 21-1967
PARKING
AIR PORT

"Believe in God: You Have Teeth!"

My grandmother was small and frail, and except for her bluish lips and yellowing tentacle fingers, gray all over. She was an ancient sparrow, her arms bent back like now-useless wings, her nose a cracked beak too old to peck among lush new gardens. She was grounded by the tyranny of time and condemned by cataract doctors to face only the salt-tinged breeze that reached her window from somewhere beyond Sandy Hook and Rockaway Point. Only in her eyes was there a hint of a former youthfulness: they were newly manufactured ball bearings shining hard and gray-black, the color of Brooklyn streets after a summer shower.

She was judge and oracle of our family, and though her pronouncements were those of another, now forgotten world, it was she, after all (or so legend has it), who had burst into a Russian general's tent and convinced him to discharge her husband long before his twelve years' service in the Czar's army was over. And it was her power of argument that had whipsawed my grandfather out of his enthusiasm for the Bolshevik revolution and back to his small corner of the West Third Street *shul*.

As they must, my memories of her fade as the sepia on long-misplaced daguerreotypes. The stories of her way with words and her feats of near-magic grow more incredible each year. Perhaps it is because God is stronger in Brooklyn than he is in the conference rooms of Madison Avenue or in the pick-and-shovel conversation pits of Great Neck. I don't know. Yet I console myself with half-remembered incidents in which she grappled with America and somehow emerged unchanged.

There was that time that she finally gave in to the entreaties of the half-mad *nextdoorka*, Mrs. Schuster. My grandmother's asthma was beginning to overpower her, and she knew, as we all did, though we refused to speak of it, that it was only a matter of months until there would be no more air for her to breathe. The doctors had gravely pronounced the pre-death words to my mother and aunts: "I don't know how she lasts; she is an amazing woman." They were not fooled by this. It was the euphemistic death sentence that always preceded the final meticulously itemized medical bill.

Mrs. Schuster was the scourge of the neighborhood: the first to scream to stop our accursed stickball playing outside her window lest she call the police. Not the cop on the beat, but *higher*: the Eighth Street Police Station, which meant squad cars and fat-faced, uncompromising cops who would just as soon clout you with a nightstick as look at you. Mrs. Schuster had been converted to Christian Science and was forever shrieking, "God be with you!" down the hall as her twenty-year-old daughter, Muriel, left for City College, where she was studying to be a grade-school teacher, the final refuge of the Jewish homely. Although Mrs. Schuster could speak hardly one word of unaccented English, her words "God be with you!" were so perfectly enunciated one would think they were uttered by an Episcopalian Minister in Bronxville. Her benedictions ranked tenants of our building bitterly were whispered about in appetizer stores, and wherever Jews encountered each other from Manhattan Beach to Gravesend Bay.

Mrs. Schuster had woman trouble. I hadn't the faintest notion at thirteen, precisely what that was or how grave it was, but I had overheard her tell my grandmother when they met in the hallway one day that all the great American doctors had failed to cure her, even "a professor" (as specialists were then known among us) at the Coney Island Hospital. She had tried everything, every cure ancient and modern, to no avail. Then one day Mrs. Astrian, whose husband was the janitor of the apartment house across the street, told her how Christian Science had cured her boys. Mrs. Schuster was skeptical at first, but after much soul-searching tried it. No praying to Jesus was necessary, she later assured my grandmother. It had all been simple, very simple. A Christian Scientist had called, asked her to believe in God, and her troubles would go away. It had worked, and today her woman trouble was gone, and she was living out her last years without pain or any infirmity.

For many months Mrs. Schuster oppressed my grandmother with tales of her miraculous Christian Science cure, haranguing her from the sidewalk under her window, tempting her at the hallway incinerator. At last my grandmother gave in and agreed to try it.

To this day I am not certain why. I am astonished that Mrs. Schuster should have succeeded in convincing her to have a Christian Scientist call, for I remember my grandmother as being unalterably opposed to Christianity in even its most innocuous manifestations. It was even a sin in her house to use the word "Jesus" as a swear word. I have questioned my mother and aunts at length about this character slippage in my grandmother's stubbornness. It is not that they are exactly reticent about the incident, but they are sufficiently vague to leave me with a feeling of suspicion, a feeling that her incurable Jewishness had opened a tiny chink in her Eastern European armor and, with the desperation of the doomed, she had permitted a little bit of Christianity to slip by parapets which had become nearly impregnable after two thousand years of assault.

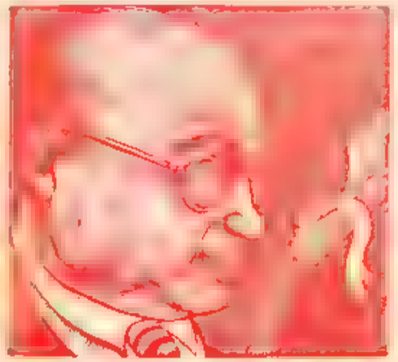
The news of her capitulation struck our family like a thunderclap. My grandfather, as I remember, took it philosophically. He knew her too well. I suppose to bother himself with any doubts about the possibility of her conversion from the faith of her ancestors. Among blood relations, however, there was deep consternation. Cousins I had never seen traveled all the way from outlandish places like Greene Avenue and President Street to beg her to reconsider, but she was adamant. "What's to worry? Let him come. I'm not afraid of talk. He's going to kidnap me? He's going to kill me? He's going to eat me?"

Among her perennially embittered in-laws, however, the reaction was quite different. "The wise saint! The *chachamah!*" they said with malicious sarcasm. "Permitting a *golach* in her house. She's gone mad. Age has finally addled her brains."

Mrs. Schuster, however, reveled in her triumph. It was as if my grandmother's agreement had at last lent respectability to her own conversion. "Mrs. Slonimsky," she said, "is the wisest woman in Brighton Beach. In all Coney Island even, and she has finally seen the truth of Christian Science. God be with her! God be with her," she said just as though she had been born in Darien or Chappaqua.

It was entirely by chance that I witnessed the confrontation of my grandmother with the Christian Scientist. I had gone home earlier than usual that day to find a replacement for a ball my friend Lenny had hit up onto the tracks of the Brighton Line El. When I let myself into the apartment I noticed an unusual quiet. It was so quiet I could hear my sneakers hissing along the floor as I walked through the long hallway toward the kitchen, where my tennis ball lay hidden in an upper cupboard just behind the bowl and white Jewish National Fund coin box, our unbreakable link with world Jewry. Usually I was an irrepressibly noisy boy, but I responded to the stillness with a stillness of my own. The quiet hung like the odor of foreign cooking, and I carefully moved the chair I was going to use as a stepladder to the cupboard.

A sudden weakness came over me. It was as if the absence of family noises stirred some recognizable fear of death that lurked somewhere beneath my youthful unwillingness to recognize its presence in my world of touch football, Josh Gordon chapters at the Tuxedo Movie Theatre, skully, school, and cake and milk. She's dead, I thought. I left the chair where I had found it. The moment the idea intruded into my consciousness, I took a short breath. There was a dampness on the nape of my neck. I began walking, quiet as a sneak thief, toward my grandmother's room.



At her opened door, I stopped. My hand shot back to the back of my neck, and I wiped it clean of sweat with my stickball-grimy palm. I paused before taking that last half-step forward, feeling my heart stir in an unnatural rhythm. Then, preparing to look at a corpse for the first time, I squinted my eyes and stiffly canted my neck toward her window.

The sight startled me. My grandmother was seated in her accustomed place, all right, but instead of looking toward the sea, her body was turned toward the wall, and facing her was a man. He was a man the likes of whom I had never seen before. He was boneless, smooth, soft, and round, a man fashioned from some rare, pure white clay. The idea crossed my mind that if I poked him, his flesh might not rise back to its former place, but a deep depression would be left where my finger pressed into his body. His eyes were a lighter gray than our ocean, and from beneath his thin and hair shone a tearfully freckled scalp. For some reason he frightened me. He had none of the jelly-roundness of our New York Irish, or the moist brown look of our Semitic-like Southern Italian neighbors. He was one hundred per cent American, Protestant American. The kind one saw only on the movie screen or walking purposefully in the financial district of Manhattan, but the kind one never expected to speak with. The kind who did not know what pastrami tasted like and who strode with sure steps because this was his country and had been for a long, long time. His shoes were brown and white and had little holes in them. Brown and white with little holes! Your family would have to live in America for generations, your great-grandfathers would have to have fought in the Revolutionary War and sailed on Lewis and Clark's canoes, to wear shoes like those.

"Believe in God," he was saying. "Believe in God, you have no asthma. Believe in God, you have no asthma," he said again. It was a lilting incantation. His lips hardly moved as he said the words. His pudgy white fingers rested gently on my grandmother's hands, which were resting, extended on a small table that stood between their chairs. She was staring at him, her eyes half-closed, as if she were desperately trying to ingest the magic of his words: to take them into her lungs to make her young and whole again. "Believe in God," he said again. "You have no asthma."

I studied my grandmother's face. Her expression was receptive, but I thought I could see a hint of reserve in the way her mouth was set and the way her pupils sparkled back the whiteness of his skin. It was the first time I could remember that her mouth and eyes did not reflect the punishing humor that had made her feared and famous. Her lips repeated silently what he said. Her mind, I thought, was opening to an alien God. "Believe in God," he repeated. "You have no asthma."

Suddenly a mishap occurred. There was a movement around his mouth. I caught a glimpse of orange between the white gray of his lips as his false teeth slipped out of their accustomed place. He gurgled his prayer into something that sounded like "Belieb-mh Gob, youh hab-nob asthmoh." Obviously he had handled this emergency before, for without so much as a second's pause his tongue rolled and his neck snapped in a deft and successful movement to click his plates back into place. It was a click and a wet rasping click.

My grandmother's eyes rolled full open. She caught what had happened even before the false teeth were back in place. At once a hundred wrinkles burst around her eyes and a mocking hardness came into them. The man paused. He smiled in embarrassment, then set his mouth and heart to go on, but my grandmother silenced him with a flutter of her palm. She leaned forward painfully, her mouth drawn into a stiff half-smile. She paused, then said, "Believe in God, you have teeth. Believe in God, you have teeth. Believe in God, you have teeth." She began to titter. "Believe in God, you have teeth." The titter became a cackle. "Believe in God, you have teeth!" She was alternately tittering and cackling with delight. Her voice rose until it was a shriek suggestive. "Believe in God, you have teeth!"

Even my unsophisticated brain absorbed her logic. I saw the back of his neck begin to glow the red of an inflamed wound. The blush began to spread to his scalp, which absorbed it as fast as a new blotter. "Believe in God, you have teeth!" she said again, then suddenly gave herself over to a defiant, contemptuous silence. His shoulders, just a moment before so full and round with certainty, sagged a bit, forcing his hands to curl forward an inch or so. He looked at the floor, emitted a long sigh, then staggered to his feet. Without risking another look at my grandmother, he grabbed a black Bible from the window sill, turned and walked toward the door. He did not even see me there in his path and just before we would have collided, I stepped aside and he marched by me, down the hall and out the front door.

My grandmother, her smile vanishing gradually, stared directly ahead for some moments and then suddenly began to gasp for breath. Without waiting for the fit to subside, she rose from her chair and began struggling to open the window. Succeeding, she fell back into her chair and once again began to breathe in the salt breeze from the sea.

Three days later she was dead.

PUGS ED SANDERS, KEN WEAVER, AND TULI KUPFERBERG. PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER HUJAR

The Fug
Nextness is
Godlier than
Cleanliness

BY MART N COHEN

Peace Pot & Pussy" M t o of the Fugs

Plug in your pornograph gentle reader he back and isten to the First A American-Sk n-Rock-Peace-Sex-Psyche de ic-Tenderness-Soc ety-Group t Fugs, a cosm c-raga-rock-nerve-ho company that is o pp ng cherry cardrums and sock ng it to the nation in what they ca a total assa t on culture The cul ture of the fuckhaters of the limp d ck he anti-marijuana culture the ba d m mot wa money creep c ulture

Sample Fugs yric

S PERG RL

I want a girl that can fuck like an angel
Cook like the dem
Swing like a dancer
Work like a pon
Dream like a poet
Flow like a mountain stream

Supergirl
Supergirl
Supergirl
My Supergirl

I want a girl that can kiss like a cherry
Squeeze like a berry
Smell like an orchard
Talk like a songbird
Walk like a fountain
Touch like a flower
Sing like the leaves of grass

Supergirl
Supergirl
Supergirl
My Supergirl

Make no mistake about it the Fugs' total assault on culture" has made n roads For more han two years they have been blasting box-office records a New York s Off-Broadway Macdougal Stree Players Thea re Their three a bums des pite a complete embargo by deejays have consisten y hovered near the top of *Cash Box*'s bes-se er charts The Fugs have been gues s on p ssy David Sussking s show twice and Ed Sanders, he Fugs leader has even graced the cover of *Lift* The Fugs are now co p leting the r th rd c oss-country tour after which they hea for Hollywood to film a cowboy flick har as Sanders puts it, "wi he made in hree versions one for Europe one f r the U S and ano her for the 21st Cen r

The cha sma of the Fugs is cer a ily not in their sound. Their music is not dis ngu shable from that of a dozen o her we k-k own electron c storm-troupers like the Jefferson Asp ane Lovin Spoonfu Grate ul Dead, or Mothers Invent in Not is the Fugs' appearance notably di ferent from other rock n' ro groups hat disport themselves in army surplus clothes and Jesus Christ hairc ts Clear y what sets the Fugs apar is the r *lyrics*

If you ever want to be down with me
Just come knocking at my front door
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
Oh, baby, get down with me
DOWN DOWN DOWN DOWN DOWN
Wrap your legs around my big fat pimple
TOGETHER TOGETHER TOGETHER

From ano her Fugs' ba lad

My baby ain t got no money
But her snatch it taste like honey.
Cause she makes that Coca-Cola douche

The Fugs repertoire, over 70 origin als, con ains such numbers as "Ah! Sunflower Weary of Time" by William Blake and Ed Sanders' "Ki for Peace" by Tu s Kupferberg, who is the second of the three Fugs, and "Swinburne Stomp" by A C Swi burne and Sanders

The Fugs sing for peace
Kill, kill, kill for peace
If we don t kill them then the Chinese will.
You don t want America to pla, second fiddle
The Fugs sing about the r ph philosophy
You ask about my philosoph baby
I m gonna come in you, baby
Let's come together
Let's come together

Audiences on the Fugs hea up fast A typica Manhattan audience inc udes a few rubbernecks look ng for Chinese opium dens but mostly t is a dress-up, sup is ca ed group hes, jackets, mod frocks

Tu s Kupferberg plays my hm ns tu ments and does pan tom me. Grandm Moses might have found his *shtick* ob sc s

Ken Weaver (the th rd Fug) plays drums, sings occasionally and makes w th pu ter reminiscent of the rat-tat-hands and Texas-cracker types he grew up w h

Take his commercia for a h th y revival hour "Send a dollar ninety-eight to the Fugs, S ation WWRL Wheeling, West V ginia. Buddy you're going to get yourself 76 pos ers of our Lord Sav or Jesus Chr st Th rsting ed canvas a decks w th the New Testament on the back, a big picture of our Lord Jesus w th moving eyes ha wi follow you into the dining room, the living room and out the front door and for all you horns

Scripture readers out there, some shots of Mary Magdalene

big laugh

Ken s the natura performer At least on the stage ESP wi h the aud ence Loving t

But the show revolves around San ders, the leader Sanders s at he m ke for he whole performance s ss ng like a hay-shaking country preacher "In order that he trembling w hgs of your psyche m ght ascend o the ce es al rose let your spir t rise up ke a phoenix "

The stage microphone is on a stand with a long metal rod, and Sanders sw ngs t between his legs, strokes it and pumps his hips his pelvis jerks When Sanders is singing about orgasm, you kn w it s sincere

t makes a em fee good and makes hem th nk man" Sanders says "We aren't putting people on Put ng people on means you are lead ng people into a s tu a on you don t be ieve and we are being honest laying t on the line.

Who are the Fugs? Where do they come rom? Home for the Fugs is lower Manhattan s East V lage the ghet o that Eddie Can or J mmy Durante and Lucky Luc ano left for h r c mes over 50 years ago and t is now s inhab ted by cockroaches, ra s hippies, and immigrants who neve made t to Park Avenue

The buildings lean sag, and hu ge ske o d weary men The newsstands carry newspapers in Po sh Yiddish, Italian and for Negroes and h ppies Eng sh

Of t s neighbor hood Ken Weaver says "I ca e here on vacation in 1960. I knew I couldn t ever go back o Texa New York is just wow ncredible

Let's talk about Weaver First His s ory is brief and uncomplicated

Born 1 4 in Cleveland Weaver grew up in the coast plain area of the Gu f o Mex co in he town of El Campo. His fa ther was a truck driver The family sca tered and Weaver was raised by one of his s ers

Weaver took d um lessons in the school got hooked on hy hm n blues spent two years at Horton County Junio College ma or ng in art, but not really knowing what he wanted o do. He joined the Air Force but was discharged in 1963 "other than honorably "They tried to prove I was a big dealer in narcotics. I told them smoke grass and that was as far as it went So they busted me "

In New York Weaver first got him self a ta le-and-sh t job on Wall Street When he lost that le moved into the East V llage and began writing poetry He s wr te s w songs for the Fugs "Slum Goddess" and "I Couldn t Get High

Weaver doesn t worry about wha he is or wha he is He no es "Like Sar re says you are wha you do "

His standards? E angers? Weaver says, "Personally I th nk a cu ral sins s hurting someone's feelings. Whether th s is man es ed in racial b gotry or scream ing at someone because he s a drug queen I mean t's their body

The second Fug Tu s Kupferberg holds graduate degrees in severa disc plines and is a prol f c poet S nce 1958 he has writ en over 30 pub ications, issuing them from his own m meo press, the *Birth Press*. Included are the magazines *Yeah! Birth* and *Swing* and mon graphs

101 Ways to Live Wi hou Wo k ng "The Book of the Body" and "1001 Ways to Beat the Draf " (now he ng republished by Grove In the latter Tu recommends such draft dop-outs as "Grope J Edgar Hoover in he ha ls of Congress Marry your mo her Tell the psych a t s you are a closet queen Use an American flag for a breechc ot Tattoo an Amer can general and a WAC on nnatura acts on your chest " Tu is also inven or and d player of the erectar ne a kind f ver t cal zamboure ne made of a mop stick and bottle caps that he strokes rhythmically during Fugs performances

Kupferberg grew up on Brooklyn and was "mis-educated in the pub ic schools of New York " He earned his B A at Brooklyn College w th a ma or in psychology and m nor in English. He d d graduate work at the New School Columbia, and Queens College

He was married nce but now like Weaver enjoys the pleasure of unwedded bliss w th a h ppie

Kupferberg fears money and worries about the Fugs gathering stardust A 43 he calls himself "the oldest rock 'n' rol s ar in America" He admits that he is st ll fighting an nner battle to enjoy the sexual and social freedoms that young hippies take for granted

Kupferberg considers h mse f a philosophical anarchis "I don t be ieve in v olence I think he tradi ional anarchist and Marx st theories have a ed and really new things have to be deve oped

But even sex is anarchy It's such a biological and organic hing. Sex is get ting healthier slowly but it s been a bad scene for so long that we'll never know the true place of sex in our lifetime For five-thousand years we've considered t evi , disgusting, and made it more impor tant than it rea y is

But you've go to solve certain basic problems before you can beg n to solve others. If a man s hungry or needs sex, he can t think of u timate th ngs "

Kupferberg, Weaver and Sanders are equa partners in the Fugs sha ng income grass, and responsibi y for deas But the undisputed leader is Ed Sanders Sanders is a mover and shaker He burns ike a tycoon. He sleeps three or four hours a n gh and notes acerbically "I'm so busy I'm losing he love n my back Pa ma

Sanders is abou to have a book of poetry pub ished by Grove and a novel by Dial He writes directs, and leads the B He has made movies and published a magazine (more about t e latter a lit er)

Sanders will e ther burn himself into a or der as he passes into the outer atmosphere or wind up as one of the 20th Century s great "freaks (a "freak," in hippie vernacular is a person who dares o stand out strong, rebellious, crea ive, and, o benign y insolent)

Sanders exp ains the Fugs frequen use of "Fuck" and the derivation of the name Fugs "When I say 'Fug you' or fuck ou I mean t ben gn y benevolently squish y and squirmy as a gift of love gift of flesh. If I wanted o say some h ng harsh I'd say 'Cel bate you'

James Edward Sanders son of Lyle David Sanders a traveling salesman and Mollie Cravens daughter of a ra road construction eng neer, was born in Kansas City on August 7 1939 On his mother's side Sanders descended from Sam Houston "a great-great-great creep-uncle or some hing." On his father's side he inherited a great-grandfather killed in a due over a woman. Sanders was he youngest of fou ch dren His sister is now a suburban housewife One brother s an arch tect the other, vice president of a construction company

Lyle Sanders had a poetic side and used to chant folk songs and poetry to young Ed Lyle was an athest Ed's mo her Mollie, was never sure of her religion Sanders recalls, "One day she was an ag nostic, and the next a fervid Christian of some sort I stopped going to church, the Disciples of Christ, L B J s church, in my ear y teens. I used to get bad messages from the God thing It slow y turned from bad news into no news. "

Mollie Sanders sparked Ed's interest in subjects like pol tical philosophy She preached ndiv dua sm. "Don t take anything from anybody If you think some

hing is gh t hem a If you don ake something don t cooperate Act a t your fe as you see what s right "

Sanders was obsessed w h death om ne age of five He recalls ta k s bout d ath often with his mother and grandm he Then, when Ed was 7 his mo her died

My mother's death was the changing point in my life," Sanders says. "I sud denly knew what it was a bout. I d s cov ed that we are l v ng in a big slaugh erhouse

As a teen-ager Sanders pursued his own men a therapy He first practiced se f-hy pnosis to re ieve himself of his "in tolerable conscious bra n" At 16 he was smoking mar uana, which he found grow ng in abundance around Kansas C y where the p an is known as "tee-weed

At the same t me, n Blue Springs High School, he was elected president o his c ass and student council He made t e football and basketba teams and his grades were so good that upon gradua ion in 1957 he was offered scho arships o three colleges Sanders chose the University of Missou

In his freshman year Sanders came across a copy of Jack Kerouac s *On the Road* and, then scrabbled about fo as much modern and bea l tera ure as he could devour In the spring of 1958 he conducted what he descr bes as a "one-man pan y raid" on the girls' dorm. The University didn t understand that Sanders had been ordained as the sex-liberator of the 20th Century Befo e he was offic a ly expelled, Sanders quit and went home

Sanders borrowed $40 from his fa ther, hitchhiked to New York, and enrolled a N Y U For a time he lived with his married sis ter in the New York suburb of Scarsdale. Sanders became more beat in appearance and commuters found him intolerable One morning, when he tried to board the tra n in his bare feet the conduc or threw him off

Sanders began his second year at N Y U as a resident of the East V llage In his Greek c ass he met his w fe-to-be Miriam K tell, a Jewish girl by way of a left-wing Jewish mother and a brilliant scientific father who is in fact a Texa born Episcopal an converted to J Sanders dom c scene was never lacked v o

However c mes cu ture and h gher education weren t enough to fill his te and he began wa king for peace He entered the transcontinen al segmen of the San Franc sco-to-M scow walk He d d he wh le 8500 miles from Nashville to D C He stood in pro est before the Pen agon for three days and nights, ne her eating nor s p ng He tried to head a nuclear submarine in Connecticut He has lost coun of the number of t mes he been ja led but guesses a ab ut ten

From the Montville State Prison, Con necticut, in 1961 he wrote "Poem from Jail." A sampling,

...and we have demanded that they ban the bomb
mouth of death
convulsing upon
the earth and
the bomb gores
the guts of earth
like a split nail
in a feet fetish
and the salt domes rumble
as the arse of a politician.

Although Sanders found the literary scene, led by Ginsberg, all he hoped for in the East Village he fe t a lack of organ zation and coordination With no prof t mo ive he took over an empty butcher store and opened the Peace Eye Book store devoted to se ing beat and hippie terature as well as peace t acts. He left the legend, "Strictly Kosher" on the win dow Under this Sanders, a student of hieroglyphics, painted the symbo of the Eye of Horus and a notice reading, "Ed Sanders– book creep, grass cadet fug poet editor squack sharfer madman com poser and poon scamp."

In 1962 Sanders founded a magazine to publish the new poetry Its first issue was typed and mimeographed in the of fice of the anarchist-pacifist newspaper,

The Catholic Worker. As a pacifist himself Sanders had many friends there and they also contributed to the first [illegible]. When Dorothy Day, the leader of *The Catholic Worker* community, heard of the few people were fired and Sanders was barred from the premises. The title of the magazine was *FUCK YOU A Magazine of the Arts*.

FUCK YOU was published monthly [illegible] hereabouts, from 1962 to 1966. Contributors included Norman Mailer, Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, and Paul Blackburn. Peter Orlovsky, whom Allen Ginsberg lists as his "wife" in *"Who's Who,"* contributed a two-parter detailing his and Allen's homosexual [illegible] togetherness.

Ed Kupferberg's "To Masturbate Humbly. To Fuck Divinely" was the *FUCK YOU* poem. It reads:

I say the purpose of the revolution
[illegible]
I say fucking is holy
I say this revolution is holy
I say the family that lays together
stays together
I say that God and fucking are one
I say that sick sexless souls can [illegible]
I say fuck or die
I say the Catholic Church is unfuck
and the Jewish church
and The Church
I say governments oppose fucking
I say anyone who hates this poem is
jealous
I say come alive fuckful
I say fuck is beauty
Fuck is God.

Copies of *FUCK YOU* were given away and put in the mail. First-class. Copies were sent to many libraries and a chosen list of personalities. Elizabeth Taylor and husband Richard Burton. Ezra Pound. Frank Sinatra. Marlon Brando. Joan Baez, and others.

Sanders supported his bookstore, publications, and wife and two children by clerking five to midnight at a cigar store in Times Square. He also [illegible] became an underground film maker and by 1965 had accumulated 9,000 feet of an epic two years in the making called *Amphetamine Head*. Like all [illegible] he had production problems and in one issue of *FUCK YOU* an the [illegible]

"We Tall the stars & superstars of Ed Sanders' underground epic (two years in the making) please report back for cer[illegible]ain mistakes. The director has been plagued by stars disappearing into Hillside Hospital & Central Ship & the hip chick star tendency to vanish somewhere in New Jersey. Even though you may have mistakenly thought that dentist please bring your snatch back for a few more reels of *Amphetamine Head*."

Inevitably, on the morning of January 2, 1966, the New York police broke

into Peace Eye and confiscated all copies of *FUCK YOU*, Sanders' film and [illegible].

Sanders commented. "They probably wanted to show them at stag parties. Fuck them. Next time I'll make better films and hide them. As soon as they legalize pornies', I'll be the first producer in the neighborhood theaters with my now in-progress epic film entitled *Montgolfian Cluster Fuck*."

Sanders was arrested for possession of obscene publications, released on bail, and acquitted after an exceptionally lively trial this past spring. Despite the fact that some of the biggest names in literature and art appeared as witnesses for Sanders, almost no mention was made of the trial in the press. Reason: none of the news media could give the name of Sanders' magazine.

Several months before the death of *FUCK YOU* came in 1965, Sanders and Kupferberg hit upon the idea of forming a rock 'n' roll group.

Kupferberg remembers the evening: "I had always kind of looked down on rock 'n' roll music. So had Ed. Then, though, we were out with Gerry and stopped in a joint that had a rock band. Allen got up and danced and then we did. It felt great, you know. You just danced and moved the way you felt."

And so the Fugs began. Sanders and Kupferberg began writing songs, humming the music. Neither had enough musical education to sit down with Leonard Bernstein or Lawrence Welk.

[illegible] Sanders explains. "Like we are for a future where people everyone will do all kinds of creative things. You don't need formal education to paint, to sing, to write, to dance. You just do it. Anyone can do it."

Weaver joined the group with a borrowed bongo. Tuli got a tambourine and Sanders stood up and sang.

The Fugs gave performances at the Peace Eye and then moved on to the Macdougal Street Players Theatre. At first they earned as little as two or three dollars a night. They kept bottles of wine on the stage to overcome shyness, and [illegible] described them as "the Rolling Stones." They went on the road the summer of 1965. They cut two albums and the second took off. In the beginning the circumspect New York *Times* refused to run ads for Fugs performances. Somebody up there knew that Fug means fuck, but then someone up higher decided the Fugs were an educational group and therefore Fugs' ads were fit to print. Their flamboyant acts have appeared in the *Times* dozens of times since.

Sanders lives at East 14th Street and Avenue A, once the site of Lucky Lou's headquarters. The neighborhood, consists of five-storey tenement buildings without elevators. Sanders, sex anarchist supreme, lives on the second floor of one such building. The hallways, grounds and the walls are the color of a clay creek.

There had been a small bash at Ed Sanders' flat the night before I visited, but Mrs. Sanders is a good housekeeper. The bare floors were swept up. The leftovers, beer cans, and bulls were in a bag in the kitchen waiting to be carried down stairs. A tube of Colgate on the sink attested to the family's oral hygiene. A great refrigerator stood alone in the kitchen. There were no other appliances.

However, Sanders' flat makes [illegible] greater concession to domesticity than most Hippie residences. There are two chairs. Books are at the foot of the mattress on the floor that serves as a bed. On the wall at the head of the mattress, hangs an Oriental rug. Beneath the rug, on the mattress, Sanders and his wife sleep, and Sanders holds court and plays with his [illegible] children.

Deirdre, not quite three, is as pretty as Goldilocks. She [illegible]mpires runs and chauffeurs. Michael, five, is absent attending classes at Yeshiva, the oldest Orthodox Jewish Seminary in the country. "At the [illegible] asked [illegible] to be a rabbi." Sanders notes acidly.

The wife thing is unusual, too, because most hippies think unwedded bliss crucial to the sexual revolution. Many Mrs. Sanders is unusually beautiful. She is a petite blonde, about 80 pounds with huge brilliant eyes and fine skin.

When I asked Mrs. Sanders some questions, she explained that Ed doesn't like her to talk about him and so as I interviewed Ed, she went about her business as subservient wife, incongruously loaded in a sub-mini skirt and shiny black hose.

Ken Weaver, now friend of the army's presentsmirking Viceroys and topping Pabst, has been in a corner of Deirdre's alphabet blocks. Spread out on the bed is Ed Sanders, the nondomesticated young man Allen Ginsberg calls an avant garde general trying to figure out where the next thrust is going to be made.

Deirdre bounces on the mattress and teases Sanders into playing with her as he explains the contradictions of Sanders: the Greek scholar, minor poet, the peace protester, publisher and spoon scrimp becoming a rock 'n' roll star.

Sanders says, "We came to music through literature, through being well read and literate. A lot of poetry was written with regard to music and meter. Most of the ancient poetry was sung. We've put a lot of good poetry to rock. Ginsbergs, Matthew Arnold's, Ezra Pound's, Sappho's, and so forth."

"That's true, but aren't most people going to hear your base for[illegible] words?" I asked.

"Science [illegible] is not a person's mind," Ed says. "Some people wax about. That's better for [illegible]. That's America."

Ken Weaver picks it up and says, "We cut out the hypocrisy. Dean Martin: he's sick, man. He sings 'Let me take you in my arms and [illegible] you.' He's talking about kissing? He's no. He's talking about fucking. Cole Porter wrote, 'The birds do it, the bees do it.' He's not talking about holding hands."

Deirdre is laying across her father's legs giggling as he tickles her. Sanders says, "We have a reputation now and it would be easy to compromise. We could sing double-entendre songs the kind disc jockeys play all over the country. And we would have this mass of people buying records and listening to the radio and chuckling because they'd know we are really singing about pussy and pot. We could make a quick fortune that way. But that's compromise. Fucking is fucking, and that's what we call it."

Still, the money is coming in pretty good. Not like for Sinatra or Presley, but good enough for Sanders to have ordered a color television set. The days of working in a cigar store tearing condoms and scrabbling for two or three bucks are over.

"When I become really rich," Sanders goes on, "I'll give money away. I don't want money, although maybe I'll buy underground radio equipment and a printing press in case the Nazis take over."

Miriam Sanders stands Ed a bottle of milk for Deirdre. He cuddles her in his arms and puts the bottle [illegible] as he talks politics.

He says, "During Kennedy's regime I felt more comfortable. We didn't get arrested."

Weaver interjects, "LBJ's bad ay. He's a baby's bed-wetter."

Sanders continues, "Johnson has regressed America. People are getting snorkled all over the country. Under Kennedy I could publish *FUCK YOU* without being arrested. Look what happened to Ginzburg when he published *EROS*. The signal comes from the White House. They got pissed off with *EROS* because of the picture of a spade kissing a white girl. The atmosphere is all uptight."

Who do I like for President? "I love Bobby Kennedy. He'll make it some day, I hope. He has a certain sense of bravery in spite of his slick political propriety. I think he will do well. I don't have a feeling of ever about him."

Sanders then makes the point that only some of the Fugs' songs are about sex. He says, "We are protesting LBJ and war. We sing 'No' for Peace and that's satiric. We do a lot of sniping at youth cults. We're talking about something more than screwing."

Nevertheless, the conversation soon [illegible]. The sex revolution isn't over, man. You still can't fuck in the streets. That's not the end result, but that's the test of a free sexual revolution. If you can have puberty rights in a baby park. The issue is freedom. If you want to have monogamy, fine. If you want to have group marriages, fine. What we're interested in is free choice: group gropes as well as monogamy.

Daughter Deirdre has thrown the bottle on the floor and insists that her father play with her. He pulls her back on his lap and hums softly. He begins to teach Deirdre the tune and words to "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

Weaver continues underlining his optimism about the sex revolution. He says, "It used to be boys were the ones who were always on the prowl. Now you've got the girls with their legs wrapped around the sun. The girls are plenty aggressive."

Sanders looks over Deirdre's shoulder and says, "Healthy sex can be manifested on many levels. It's the tendency of the younger generation to be a little more casual about it, but there are still people who screw with a sense of selectivity and a sense of love."

Weaver, who hadn't quite finished his thought, repeats, "The girls are plenty aggressive today. They walk up to you [illegible] grab your dick, just like that."

Deirdre has climbed on her rocking horse and is chanting, "Dick, Dick, Dick, Dick."

While Miriam silently appears with Sanders' dinner, a huge casserole of noodles and cottage cheese, Sanders begins spooning it. Cottage cheese flakes his mustache like virgin snow. He says, "I don't believe in personal dignity, man. I'm just as dignified as I ever be or ever want to be. If you want to eat peas with a knife, slurp them up, man. I don't believe in classes or stratified society."

He hasn't been too comfortable for most of the talk. He's on his defensive, too acerbic, cheese on his mustache and chips on his shoulder. And suddenly he has to get ready for a performance.

Deirdre is still singing "Dick, Dick, Dick, Dick."

My last meeting with Sanders takes place in a steamy East Village restaurant, a slot in the wall. Sanders, who several years ago became a vegetarian after being stared down by a cow, orders poached eggs. It's noon and Sanders is having his first meal of the day. His Medusa head bobs up and down as he talks quietly and earnestly.

Approaching the age of 28, he notes a change in his outlook. My early poetry was frenzied to make struggling in a social structure looking for a more humane [illegible]. Now I am kind of fawning [illegible] the holy universe. I've got a simmering freak fear. Lack of knowledge is the problem. What is the universe but a big biological pantheon of turnips. I understand fully why people need church. The problem with the philosophy of Christ is that you don't know what it is. It's all later interpretation according to the needs. The New Testament wasn't written for a long time after Christ died. But acid can take you out so you can perceive the oldmicrocosm thing of feeling you're part of the universe and not just some creep getting on the subway and going to work.

He acknowledges that drugs, acid, and grass are essential to his life. Marijuana is the opener of the sacred gate, a tender benevolent narcotic that destroys the hatreds and the torture chambers in a person's psyche.

One day grass will be legal. It's coming. There are groups fighting for it now. I can go up to the Time and Life Building above the 20th floor and the door is closed, and I sit down with some of the young editors and we smoke grass.

Sanders' rapport with the Luce publications is a matter he brings up several times. They are his friends. The Luce media have plugged the Fugs again and again. Sanders believes the late Henry Luce was [illegible] a jack-off hand or some thing to love something with which you can join. I'm sure that people will wake up to this event. I say it and this when the world ends it will be not with a whimper but with a bang.

impatico to psychedelic experiences if not a hipster and notes, "Luce passed down the order to his staff that they were not to desecrate LSD experiences as hallucinations but as real phenomena."

Do you get the feeling that Sanders isn't a name-dropper? He wants to communicate outside the freak set. Although he is a rebel critical of foreign policy, sexual policy, censorship and creeps, he is never bitter, anti-American. His hangup is a social self consciousness.

"It's the compulsive midwest Protestant scene," he explains. "I have this help-impulse. I don't see how anybody can sleep in the world. Last night I had a big napalm nightmare about Vietnam. That has nothing to do with goodness. But when you see something wrong with the world, it's just like a big fire burning in your soul."

Sanders has given up on the eggs and is wiping his mustache with a glass of milk. The restaurant is getting noisy. A girl in a mini-skirt walks by. Sanders notes: "They want you to look up their [illegible]. That's the peacock in women."

He is strangely bothered when a note that the Fugs seem to [illegible] women.

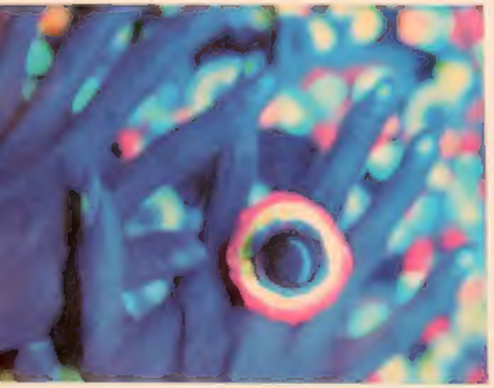
"Sometimes it seems that way," he [illegible] that we're not wearing women down. I think what we are trying to do is take them off the sexual pedestal. On the overall, I have a holy view of the woman thing. As a matter of fact, I believe in a feminine universe."

The future looks good to Ed Sanders. He says, "We won't consume culture like Fugs. We just won't do anything we don't want to do. I expect to give up concerts by the end of the year. Just make movies, records, write novels and poetry and get some sleep. I've got an opera called 'Peace Eye' that I want to stage even if I have to pay for it out of my own pocket. I just want to write and help other people. I want to keep growing, touching, feeling and reaching. The important thing is for people to react. React to the world, the [illegible]. That's the way you become a [illegible]. That's what sexual freedom is all [illegible]."

METAMORPHIC JEWELRY. THE LAST WORD IN FOUND OBJECT ART.

JEWELRY PHOTOGRAPHED BY RYSZARD HOROWITZ

Like the alchemists of old who turned baser metals into gold, a young Ukrainian-born sculptress named Chrystya Olenska (opposite page, in a "crown" of her own design) toils in a secluded, laboratory-like studio overlooking Times Square fashioning dazzling, daring, mind-blowing jewelry from what she calls "the base and unmentionable material of toilet paper." And, indeed, Miss Olenska's jewelry is made of toilet paper—dipped in wheat paste and molded into papier-mache (exhibitions of Miss Olenska's objets d'art will shortly take place at both the Museum of Modern Art and Museum of Contemporary Crafts in New York). Into these papier-mache settings Miss Olenska places plastic marbles that she obtains as cast-offs at plastics factories and bits of granite and quartz that she chips from boulders in Central Park. "When you come right down to it," says Miss Olenska, "the materials of my craft are nothing but rock and roll."



GOD/LOVE POEM BY LENORE KANDEL

MISS KANDEL IS AUTHOR OF THE LOVE BOOK PUBLISHED BY STOLEN PAPER EDITIONS, MILL VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, N.Y.

there are no ways of love but/beautiful/
I love you all of them

I love you/your cock in my hand
stirs like a bird
in my fingers
as you swell and grow hard in my hand
forcing my fingers open
with your rigid strength
you are beautiful/you are beautiful
you are a hundred times beautiful
I stroke you with my loving hands
pink-nailed long fingers
I caress you
I adore you
my finger-tips...my palms...
your cock rises and throbs in my hands
a revelation/as Aphrodite knew it

there was a time when gods were purer
/I can recall nights among the honeysuckle
otter juices sweeter than honey
/we were the temple and the god entire/

I am naked against you
and I put my mouth on you...slowly
I have longing to kiss you
and my tongue makes worship on you
you are beautiful

your body moves to me
flesh to flesh
skin sliding over golden skin
as mine to yours
my mouth...my tongue...my hands
my belly and my legs
against your mouth...your love
sliding...sliding...
our bodies move and join
unbearably

your face above me
is the face of all the gods
and beautiful demons
your eyes....

love touches love
the temple and the god
are one

A subscription to Avant-Garde absolutely free!

As you might expect, we at Avant-Garde have found it neither easy nor profitable to reach potential subscribers through the mass media. A potential subscriber to Avant-Garde must be open-minded, literate, and somewhat unconventional. In short, he must be the kind of individual who cannot be reached economically through ads in, say, Reader's Digest.

On the other hand, we know that the kind of individual who reads Avant-Garde tends to associate with his peers. Therefore, we believe that you, an Avant-Garde subscriber, must number among your friends, acquaintances, and professional colleagues, at least one potential subscriber to Avant-Garde. And to persuade you to introduce that person to our magazine, we're prepared to make the following offer:

If you will bring us a new subscriber—at the Special Introductory Rate of eight months for only $6.99—we will extend your own subscription for eight months absolutely free!

That's right, we'll present you with the better part of a year of the most exciting and beautiful new magazine in the country today absolutely free!

How can we afford to make this offer? Frankly, although we lose money on it, we hope to make it up in the long run through repeated renewals by your friend. Maybe we're wrong, but that's a chance we're prepared to take. Meanwhile, the opportunity to take advantage of this unparalleled offer is yours.

To enter your friend's subscription—and have your own extended absolutely free—simply fill out the Subscription Order Form envelope facing this page, enclose $6.99, and pop it into the mail. No stamp is necessary. The check accompanying the order can be yours or your friend's (or you can chip in and send two checks).

Furthermore, if you are not yet an Avant-Garde subscriber, you, too, can take advantage of this double-bonus offer. Simply enter a new subscription for yourself and a subscription for a friend and pay only $6.99—the usual price of one subscription—for both.

We hope you'll accept this invitation. We at Avant-Garde love to entertain and any friend of yours is a friend of ours.

AVANT GARDE

110 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018

"MEN WOULD RATHER HAVE THEIR FILL OF SLEEP, LOVE, AND SINGING AND DANCING THAN OF WAR," SAID HOMER. THE EDITORS OF AVANT-GARDE AGREE, AND DO HEREBY ISSUE A CALL FOR ENTRIES FOR AN INTERNATIONAL POSTER COMPETITION BASED ON THE THEME:

NO MORE WAR!

Judges: Richard Avedon, Leonard Baskin, Alexander Calder, Milton Glaser, Art Kane, Jack Levine, Herb Lubalin, Dwight Macdonald, Robert Motherwell, Robert Osborn, Larry Rivers, Ben Shahn, Edward Steichen & Sloan Wilson.

THE RULES OF THE CONTEST ARE AS FOLLOWS: All professional painters, designers, illustrators, photographers, cartoonists, and other graphic artists are eligible. Amateurs may enter, too, but only after elimination contests at colleges, art and photographic schools, museums, and similar institutions.

Ten winners will be selected. All winning posters will be reproduced and sold for $1 each through bookstores, art supply shops, coffeehouses, boutiques, and similar retail outlets. Sales will be promoted by vigorous advertising and publicity campaigns. Profits will be donated to peace causes as designated by the judges.

Artists will receive a 10% royalty on sales. Advances totaling $1,400 will be presented as follows: $500 to the grand prize winner and $100 to each of the other nine winners.

All winning posters will be featured in an issue of Avant Garde Magazine. Fifty of the best entries will be exhibited at a New York museum or gallery and sent on tour of the United States.

Choice of subject matter is at the discretion of individual artists (though posters must bear some relationship to the theme of the contest, world peace). Posters may carry any related slogan, caption, or title—or none at all—and may relate to specific conflicts, such as the war in Vietnam. Entries will be judged on the basis of artistic merit and impact of anti-war message.

Judging will take place in New York on May 30, 1966, Memorial Day. Winners will be announced at a press conference held immediately thereafter.

Deadline is 5 p.m., Monday, May 23, 1966. Entries may not exceed 18" x 25" in size and must be accompanied by artist's name and address.

The address of Avant Garde, both for entries and inquiries, is [illegible] New York, N.Y. 10036, U.S.A.

© 1966, Avant Garde, Inc. This contest is void where prohibited by law. All rights in the winning entries, as well as posters after payment of royalties and sale of exhibited originals, are the property of Avant Garde, Inc. and will be assigned by the artists. Photographs and drawings of unsuitable entries will be returned. Avant Garde will not be responsible for the loss or damage thereto. Decision of the judges is final. Contest void where prohibited by law. Any taxes or charges on prizes are the responsibility of the winners.

AVANT GARDE